

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

IN the height of the season we could often fill an entire number of the ACADEMY with reviews of the novels published in the preceding week. Such a measure is happily out of the question; but next week we shall endeavour to meet the situation by issuing a special Fiction Supplement.

THE Chaucer window unveiled on Thursday in the collegiate church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, by Mr. Alfred Austin, is not a large window, as many people may suppose who have not seen it. It is a single-light lancet window in the north aisle of the nave, and is uniform in size and style with the adjacent window dedicated to Bunyan, and with the windows in the opposite aisle commemorating Philip Massinger, John Fletcher, Francis Beaumont, and Edgar Allan. Shakespeare and Spenser share a larger window between them. Appropriately, the Chaucer window is very near to the tomb of John Gower. In the course of his address the Poet Laureate remarked that "every great poet experienced and passed through three stages: in the first he was either excessively belauded or excessively depreciated; in the second he was neglected if he had previously been over-estimated, or belauded if he had been under-estimated; and in the third and last stage he came into smooth water after being either in the trough or on the crest of the wave. Then he reached a haven of tranquil and assured fame, such as has now for a long time been the assured lot of Chaucer." We wonder which of these stages Mr. Austin considers he has reached himself.

Two interesting items of literary news were announced at the end of last week. One was that Mr. Maccoll, who has been editor of the *Athenæum* since 1869, retires with the new year from that position. Mr. Maccoll has well earned his leisure by over thirty-one years of devotion to the journal he has conducted so ably. We are glad to learn that he will continue to contribute to the *Athenæum* on his own subjects. He is succeeded by Mr. Vernon Rendall, who has acted as assistant-editor for some years.

THE secret of the other item of literary news had been well kept. During the past twelve months, while the eyes of the political world have been fixed on Lord Rosebery, awaiting, or fearing, the moment when he would see fit to reveal himself, the author of *Pitt* has been quietly correcting a study of *Napoleon*. The volume, which contains 350 pages, deals mainly with Napoleon's residence at St. Helena, and it is said that the noble author has written the work "in order to lay a sort of literary ghost that has been haunting him for some time." Mr. Arthur Humphreys, who is the director of Messrs. Hatchard's, will publish the book. Lord Rosebery is a frequent visitor to Messrs. Hatchard's establishment.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has been interviewed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* apropos of his play "Herod," which is

to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre next Wednesday. The interviewer having beguiled Mr. Phillips (what a luxurious creature the modern interviewer is!) into the "palm-garden of the Carlton," and having found a "cosy corner, with cigarettes and coffee to help us out with our talk," certainly succeeded in making the author of "Herod" talk. Among other things Mr. Stephen Phillips said:

I should be inclined to describe "Herod" as an attempt to paint in dramatic verse with an Eastern background the most tremendous love-story in the world. I say this advisedly. It is no case here of a boy-and-girl passion as in "Romeo and Juliet" or "Paolo and Francesca"; nor even of the infatuation of a middle-aged man for a somewhat colourless maiden as in "Othello"; but of the clash of two natures equally intense and of barbaric emotion.

Throughout the play I hope to make perpetually felt the throb of that world-struggle between Mark Antony and Cæsar Augustus which involved the fate of Herod, and with him that of Judea itself.

There is also a motive which, so far as I know, is new, and which in itself is foundation enough for a separate play—the constant contrast between Herod's public success and his domestic miseries.

THE *Monthly Review*, we gather, will make a feature of a poem of several pages in each issue. The first number, it will be remembered, contained Mr. Newbolt's fine poem, "The Nile." The second number contains a poem of five pages by Mr. Laurence Binyon, called "The Indian Prince."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S condition, at the moment of going to press, remains very serious. He has really been ill for many months. Early in the summer he was suffering from influenza and inflammation of the lungs, and, when improvement took place, he was able to leave his house at Clapham Common and proceed on a holiday to France. About three months ago he was able to resume work, and also to cycle. A fortnight ago he rode to Clapham from a place where he was staying, and then he seemed to be almost himself again, and talked brightly and hopefully. That condition was maintained until last Friday, when he had a stroke of paralysis, which has affected the whole of one side of his body.

WE were expecting it, and, lo! it has come to the birth—the organ which is to be the particular mouthpiece of the Imperial spirit. The *Imperial and Colonial Magazine* is its name—an illustrated monthly:

Naturally [says the Prospectus] much space will be given to all the Colonies and Settlements in both hemispheres, their historic evolution, present condition, and future prospects. Topics of Military and Naval importance will here, too, of necessity, find a place. On all such topics it is our purpose and desire to present monthly to our readers articles signed by names that are eminent in their various departments, and written by men who will speak not only from theory, but out of the practical knowledge which comes from experience. Of such will be the bulk of the *Imperial and Colonial Magazine*.

The editor veils his identity under a *nom-de-guerre*. The sub-editor is Mr. E. F. Benson, whose brother opens the book with a poem "To Her Majesty."

THERE is an article on Byron, man, poet, and letter-writer, in the new *Edinburgh Review*. The writer speaks of him as the "founder and precursor of modern realism in poetry," and makes a good point when he says of a stanza in "Don Juan": "A versified paraphrase, it may be said, of sober history, yet withal very different from the most animated prose, which must be kept at a lower temperature of intense expression." As an instance of Byron's felicitous realism in quiet description, we are referred to the stanzas describing the return of Lambro to his Greek island:

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,  
His garden trees all shadowy and green;  
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,  
The distant dog-bark; and perceived between  
The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun  
The moving figures and the sparkling sheen  
Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes  
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,  
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,  
Were strung together like a row of pearls;  
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having  
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—  
(The least of which would set ten poets raving;)  
Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,  
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,  
Small social parties just begun to dine;  
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,  
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,  
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
Above them their dessert grew on its vine,  
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,  
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

That the revival of Byron's poetry is opportune we are very sure, and the *Edinburgh* writer hopes that the reading of his poetry may act as a tonic on the literary nerves of the rising generation.

For, as Mr. Swinburne has generously acknowledged, with the emphatic concurrence of Matthew Arnold, his poems have "the excellence of sincerity and strength." Now, one tendency of latter-day verse has been toward that over-delicacy of fibre which has been termed decadence, toward the preference of correct metrical harmonies over distinct and incisive expression, toward vague indications of meaning. In this form the melody prevails over the matter; the style inclines to become precious and garnished with verbal artifice. Some recent French poets, indeed, in their anxiety to correct the troublesome lucidity of their mother-tongue, have set up the school of symbolism, which deals in half-veiled metaphor and sufficiently obscure allusion, relying upon subtly suggestive phrases for evoking associations. For ephemeral infirmities of this kind the straightforward virility of Byron's best work may serve as an antidote.

THE death of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner removes a popular and typical figure from American literature. Mr. Warner, who has died in his seventy-second year, had been one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine* since 1884, and a large contributor to its pages. He edited the "American Men of Letters" series, collaborated with Mark Twain on a novel called *The Golden Age*, and was an enthusiastic traveller and writer of travel sketches. His reputation was made thirty years ago by his book called *My Summer in a Garden*.

In our Correspondence column will be found a warm plea for Thackeray as a force and as a companion. That he is both to very many is shown by the pilgrimage of the Urban Club to the Charterhouse last Saturday and the dinner at Anderton's Hotel, at which Sir J. Crichton Browne presided. The Club was received in the historic hall of the

Charterhouse by Dr. Haig Brown, formerly head of the School—which is now removed to Godalming—and he recalled the fact that in the year of Thackeray's death he had sat next to him at the banquet on Founder's Day. The Rev. Henry Le Bas read passages from Thackeray's works referring to the spot.

THAT curious little paper, the *Eagle and the Serpent*, which ordinarily confines itself pretty much to the teachings of Nietzsche, seems inclined to enlarge its scope. This month it draws its readers' attention to the maxims of Sebastian-Roche Nicholas Chamfort (1741-1794) whose sayings will often bear comparison with the best of Rochefoucauld. From the selection given we take the following specimens of Chamfort's wit and wisdom:

Intelligent people make many blunders because they never believe the world as stupid as it is.

Love pleases more than marriage for the reason that romance is more interesting than history.

You run the risk of being disgusted if you pry into the processes of cookery, government, or justice.

A man in deep mourning is asked: "Good God! whom have you lost?" "I?" says he, "I have lost nothing, I am a widower."

Milton after the restoration of Charles II. was on the way to securing again a lucrative office which he had lost. His wife urged him. He replied: "You are a woman, and you want a coach; as for me, I want to live and die an honest man."

A bright woman told me once that when choosing a sweetheart a woman pays more regard to what other women say about the man of her choice than to her own opinion of him.

When a man has been tormented and fatigued by his sensitiveness, he learns that he must live from day to day, forget all that is possible, and efface his life from memory as it passes.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has deserved well of the public and of Shakespearean students by drawing attention to the extraordinary project of placing a bust of the late Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon church, opposite the bust of Shakespeare. Miss Corelli states that Sir Theodore Martin has promised to give £500 towards the restoration fund now being collected for Holy Trinity Church on condition that he is allowed to place a bust of his late wife in the very spot sacred to the memory of Shakespeare. We prefer to hope, with the *Morning Post*, to which paper Miss Corelli addressed her letter, that some misconception exists. It is as difficult to believe that Sir Theodore Martin has intended this intrusion as to believe that the public will tolerate it. Miss Corelli, however, says explicitly that the Bishop of Worcester has given his permission for an act which the *Morning Post* frankly calls a "desecration," and this in spite of the determined opposition of the vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

SINCE the above was written we learn that the vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, has been offered an immediate payment of £900, the whole of the debt on the church, provided the bust of the late Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) is placed in any part of the church other than the Shakespeare chancel.

THE *Pilot* has a striking article in which the writer declares his agreement with Ouida's diagnosis of "The Disease of Modernity" in her *Critical Essays*. Here is a live coal from the blaze:

Ouida is vehement and eloquent; therefore not to be trusted, says the sceptic again. Well, the facts are more



eloquent still, and Ouida gives them in melancholy abundance. The truth is, that we Liberals have made a huge mistake. We put down the *ancien régime*, and put up the capitalist, neither pure nor simple, but certainly our master. The Bourbons have gone out, the Rothschilds have come in, and we cry, foolishly enough, "Le roi est mort." It is about time we took a fresh observation of the phenomena. The Kingdom of Heaven is not here; but, as Ouida proves, the world has grown to be one gigantic railway-station plastered with lying advertisements. Capital glories in being cosmopolitan; it has no heart and no country; it values ideals and antiquities for what they will fetch in the market. It spans the Tiber and the Grand Canal with cast-iron bridges; it sets the jerry-builder to rear his unsightly barracks in front of St. Peter's; it shrieks with delight when tramcars thunder down the ringing grooves of Change through the Piazza del Duomo at Florence, and knock to pieces whatever comes in their way. It has laid waste the architectural beauty of old cities from one end of Europe to the other, working on a single pattern of dead and dull uniformity, which is not mere decadence but dissolution—the murder of that visible beauty which was a compensation to millions for the poverty they had to endure. They must endure it still, although the beauty is gone and the colour taken out of their lives.

The writer's conclusion is that the disease of modernity is real, that it is a spreading plague, and that it is nothing less than Mammon, "the meanest of all false gods."

On the title-page of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* appears the inscription: "Edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill (Mrs. George Cornwallis-West)." It is understood, however, that the present admirable number has been arranged by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, who himself contributes a short story called "Aunt Maisie's Indiscretion." A "miracle play," in three acts, by Maurice Maeterlinck, may be considered by some as the gem. "Sister Beatrice" it is called, and it is the poetical setting of a familiar mediæval legend. But Mr. A. Bernard Miall, its translator, warns us that the play is really a libretto, that he has been compelled to alter the metre, and that in any case readers may miss in "Sister Beatrice" the atmosphere and glamour of the Maeterlinckian drama, inasmuch as it is partly absent in the French. Externally the play looks Maeterlinckian enough, but we cannot attempt its exposition here. Mr. Edward Garnett's article on Tolstoi and Turgenev is well worth perusal. In "Three Seeresses" Mr. Andrew Lang prattles pleasingly and cogently about Mrs. Piper, Mdlle. Hélène Smith, and Jeanne d'Arc.

We have not seen a better pocket reprint than the Oxford Miniature Edition of *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. In appearance, if not in construction, it is a "dumpy twelve," but not too dumpy. The type is almost large, and the binding has been done with the precision so necessary to a volume of 990 pages that can be slipped into the waistcoat pocket. The volume includes all the short early poems, and "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Maud."

THE New York *Critic* is of opinion that the palm for work on Shakespeare done in this century must be awarded to Dr. Horace Howard Furness and his "New Variorum Edition." In a very interesting article on Furness and his work we are given an extract from a private letter written by Dr. Furness, with no thought of publication, but illuminating the whole subject of his life-work in a delightful manner. Dr. Furness says:

As for the time when I began to work over Shakespeare and study him with zeal, it began in '62 or '63, when I made a mighty variorum "Hamlet," cutting out the notes of five or six editions besides the Variorum of 1821, and

pasting them on a page with a little rivulet of text. 'Twas a ponderous book of quarto size, and eight or nine inches thick—and I took great delight in burning it some years ago. But the work revealed to me that it was high time to begin a new Variorum, that we might start afresh. We were constantly threshing old straw. . . . I think I tried five or six different shapes before I settled down on the present one, with varying faced type. To avoid the imputation that I was self-seeking in attaching my puny name to "the greatest in all literature," I resolved that I would be the merest drudge, simply arranging and codifying the notes of others, and would utter no faintest chirp of my own. But, as you know, my resolution did not hold out, and now ever since I edited "Othello" I gabble like a tinker. . . .

DR. FURNESS's edition is, of course, lineally descended from the old "Variorum" of 1821, which is in twenty-one octavo volumes, and embodies practically all Shakespearean textual criticism up to that date. In 1863-66 came the great Cambridge edition, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright—an epoch-making work. Dr. Furness's Variorum is, however, a more ambitious work. The Cambridge Edition,

while it gives the readings of the old editions [we are quoting Dr. Furness himself], omits to note the adoption or rejection of them by the various editors, whereby an important element in estimating these readings is wanting; however uncouth a reading may seem at first sight, it ceases to be the "sophistication" of a printer when we learn that men so judicious as Capell or Dyce had pronounced in its favour; and in disputed passages it is of great interest to see at a glance on which side lies the weight of authority. Moreover, by this same defect in the plan of the Cambridge edition, credit is not always given to that editor who, from among the ancient readings, first adopted the text since generally received; and, indeed, the Cambridge editors themselves suffer from this omission, when it happens, as it sometimes does, that their own excellent selection is passed over uncredited.

Dr. Furness has worked *ab initio*; he has availed himself of no eyes but his own in collating the folios and quartos. Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the writer of the *Critic* article, points out very justly that "none but those who have done this kind of work can know how difficult it is to be invariably accurate in it. I have found mistakes in my own collation of modern English texts after comparing them line by line, word by word, letter by letter, and point by point, at least three times. I have had occasion, at one time and another, to examine and verify all the accessible collations of certain authors—Gray, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and others—and have detected many errors and defects in all of them. The transcripts of title-pages of early quartos, extracts from ancient registers and documents, &c., in editions and biographies of Shakespeare and commentaries on his works are seldom accurate."

APROPPOS of the Ruskin tablet in Hunter-street, mentioned in these columns last week, it may be interesting to note that the Society of Arts has now placed more than thirty tablets on houses associated with distinguished men and women. Among these are the following literary commemorations:

Joanna Baillie, Bolton House, Windmill-hill, Hampstead.  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 15, Wimpole-street.  
Robert Browning, 19, Warwick-crescent, Paddington.  
Edmund Burke, 37, Gerrard-street, Soho.  
Lord Byron, 16, Holles-street.

[The house was pulled down in 1889. In May, 1900, Messrs. John Lewis & Son, silk mercers, erected on the front of the new house (now in their occupation) a fresh memorial, consisting of a bronze relief bust of Byron placed in an architectural frame of Portland stone.]

Madame D'Arblay (Fanny Burney), 11, Bolton-street, Piccadilly.

Charles Dickens, Fumival's-inn.

[The whole of Fumival's-inn was pulled down in 1898.]

John Dryden, 43, Gerrard-street.  
 Edward Gibbon, 7, Bentinck-street.  
 John Keats, Lawnbank, Hampstead.  
 Samuel Johnson, 17, Gough-square, Fleet-street.  
 John Ruskin, 54, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square.  
 Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 14, Savile-row.  
 Wm. Makepeace Thackeray, Kensington Palace-green.

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE, having undertaken to prepare for the Clarendon Press a new edition of the *Letters of Horace Walpole*, would be greatly obliged if owners of original letters, whether already printed or not, would kindly communicate with her, in order that the new edition may be made as complete and correct as possible. Many of the letters as hitherto printed are either fragmentary or disfigured by misreadings, and it is desirable that they should be corrected by collation with the originals. Mrs. Toynbee has already succeeded in collecting from various sources nearly two hundred letters which are not included in current editions; and it is probable that there are many others in private hands which she has not yet been able to trace. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. Paget Toynbee, Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

THE voting for statues in the new Hall of Fame at New York has produced some interesting results. Washington heads the list, and is followed by Abraham Lincoln with one vote less. After these come Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Emerson, Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, and Jonathan Edwards. Lower still: Peabody, Hawthorne, Cooper, Henry Ward Beecher, Channing, and Elias Howe. Statesmen and rulers have seven representatives; authors and editors, four; and painters, one.

## Bibliographical.

THE book which first attracted me to the late Charles Dudley Warner was his *My Summer in a Garden*, a little work published in this country by Messrs. Sampson Low. In this I found passages which struck me as genuinely humorous—quite American in their flavour, and yet with a kind of remote suggestion of the very English Charles Lamb. After that I read Warner's *Back Log Studies* (reprinted so recently as last year); and, later still, the small volume of essays called *As We Were Saying* (1891). As a matter of fact, these are but a tithe of the books by Warner which have been circulated in this country. To confine oneself to the past two decades only, one finds Warner credited with such works as *Captain John Smith* and *My Winter on the Nile* (1881), *Washington Irving* (1882), *A Roundabout Journey* (1883), *Their Pilgrimage* (1887), *On Horseback* (1888), *A Little Journey in the World* (1889), *Our American Italy* (1891), *In the Levant* (1892), *As We Go* (1893), *The Golden House*—a novel (1894), *The Relation of Literature to Life* and *The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote* (1897), and *That Fortune*—a novel (1899)—a tolerably large and varied list, testifying to considerable acquirements and much industry.

In his *Notes for a Bibliography of Edward Fitzgerald* Col. Prideaux wrote: "I trust I may, without impertinence, express a hope that cheap editions of the lesser works of Fitzgerald may, within a short time, be issued to rank on one's shelves with the 'Golden Treasury' edition of the 'Rubáiyát.' A reprint of 'Euphranor,' with the appendix to the second edition of 'Polonius,' the introduction to Crabbe's 'Tales of the Halls,' and the memoirs of Bernard Barton and the younger Crabbe, would make a capital beginning." Well, Messrs. Macmillan have issued this week just such a collection of Fitzgerald's *Miscellanies* as Col. Prideaux sketched out, and I have good reason for thinking that it is mainly to his suggestion that we owe

the pretty little book. "The Spanish and Greek plays," he went on to say, "might follow in due course." Let us hope that this suggestion, also, may bear fruit.

Meanwhile, I am glad to note that Col. Prideaux's *Bibliography of Coleridge* is (to quote the prospectus) "on the eve of publication." It is based upon the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd's work, which Col. Prideaux has revised, corrected, and enlarged. It will be issued in French grey wrappers, uniformly with the bibliographies of Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Frank Hollings, of Great Turnstile, Holborn, will be the publisher.

At a time when so many people are reading the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief illustration of the low estimation in which *The Angel in the House* was held by at least a section of the literary world in the late 'sixties. In *Horse and Foot; or, Pilgrims to Parnassus* (1868), the late Richard Crawley passed in review all the English poets of the day, arriving, towards the close, at Patmore, of whom, on his third page, he had parenthetically said that he "drones the last, last muse to sleep." Only four more lines does the satirist accord to the poet:

Now Patmore—but you need no ridicule!  
 Vanquished, I bow to the superior fool;  
 Outcapped, out-jingled, from his works I quote,  
 And Patmore leads out Patmore in a note.

In the note are quotations from the *Angel*, which certainly exhibit vividly the tendency of its writer to indulge in ultra-simplicity—i.e., to drop into bathos.

Mr. Clifford Harrison, I see, has issued another volume of verse, called *Echoes*. His first publication, I fancy, was *In Hours of Leisure*, some dozen years ago. In 1895 came *On the Common Chords*—a book of lyrics; and in 1896 *The Lute of Apollo*—an essay on music. To 1897 belongs his *Notes on the Margins*—essays, and to 1898 his *Readers and Reading*, a subject on which he is admittedly an authority. No doubt Mr. Harrison inherits his interest in, and capacity for, music from his father, the famous operatic tenor; while it is possible that the histrionic power discernible in his recitations was transmitted to him from his grandmother, Mrs. Clifford, to whose ability and celebrity as an actress Mr. Harrison has borne testimony in his *Stray Records* (1892).

Mr. E. C. Stedman's *American Anthology* will, of course, be welcome. A good book of that sort is very much wanted, and Mr. Stedman has already shown in his *Poets of America* (1885) his firm grasp of the subject. His volume on the *Victorian Poets* (1887) is perhaps less widely known in this country than it deserves, while his work on *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1892) has probably had still fewer readers. His own *Poems*—collected three years ago—should be in every well-appointed library.

Messrs. Downey announce an edition of Smedley's *Frank Fairleigh*, in large demy 8vo, and with Cruikshank's illustrations, at twenty-five shillings net. Last year they issued two editions of the same book—one at sixpence, and the other (with the Cruikshank drawings) at half a guinea net. Last year, also, Messrs. Routledge issued the story in a two-shilling form. *Frank Fairleigh* has always been a favourite with publishers. Between 1891 and 1896 there were at least four reprints of it, by Messrs. Routledge, Ward & Lock, Warne, and Walter Scott.

By the way, Messrs. Downey's announcement of a new edition of Surtees's *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities* (with Alken's plates) reminds me that editions of the text were published early in the 'nineties at the price of only a shilling or two.

I understand that the new edition of *The Romany Rye*, which Messrs. Ward & Lock have in contemplation, will have an introduction from the pen of Mr. Watts-Dunton, who, it will be remembered, wrote an introduction to the same publishers' recent edition of *Lavengro*.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Mr. Morley's "Cromwell."

*Oliver Cromwell.* By the Right Hon. John Morley. (Macmillan.)

WHEN a statesman writes the life of a many-sided leader of men, it is to be expected that he will view him chiefly as a statesman. That is the case with Mr. John Morley and Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was a zealot for religion, a popular leader, a ruler, and, above all (as Mr. Morley says), a great captain. From all these sides he may be, and has been, viewed, which explains and largely justifies the many biographies of the man. But it is as statesman that Mr. Morley views him, and as party-leader. What he fastens on most eagerly is the emergencies which offer diverging lines of policy, dear to the soul of the party-statesman. His military career is not dwelt upon with detail; many important events are related with extreme generality; but the policy of the Puritan leader is discussed with judicial care. Judicial, indeed, is the very word for Mr. Morley's book. There is no attempt at picturesque or striking narration. He deprecates, indeed, the endeavour of any but a Carlyle to clothe with poetry the prosaic facts of history. His style, we think, has not improved with political oratory and party cares. More finished and artistic English has been his in the work of his earlier days, before politics claimed him for their own.

It is not, for the reasons we have already mentioned, a full and exhaustive life of Cromwell; but it is a study of Cromwell the politician, done with excellent temper, balance, and dispassionate judgment. More than most biographies of the man, it engages our assent as strictly fair. Neither political prepossessions nor religious bias, not even biographical enthusiasm, the *lues Boswelliana*, can deflect the agate-edge of Mr. Morley's scientifically poised judgment one section of a hair's breadth. He appears, in fact, neither to love nor hate Cromwell. One would say the great Puritan was to him a scientific problem in human nature applied to politics—a very eminent and subtle example, but no more. It is a rare attitude, and the results are valuable.

At the outset Mr. Morley's peculiar gifts are not called forth, for the issues before Cromwell were plain, admitting of no doubt in him, and presenting no problems to his biographer. Resistance to Charles's wooden reliance on outworn precedents of unconstitutional rule was a straight matter, and cost Cromwell no thought. "I will consult my people's interest, but not my people's conceptions of their interest," said Charles. "The people's wishes must be reckoned with," said the Parliament, and Cromwell among the most thorough. Upon that issue, practically, the Civil War began. Thenceforth Cromwell's plain and unswerving course was to see that the Civil War was conducted to a successful result for the popular side. The remarkable thing is how the minority gradually gained complete control of that war and its resulting policy, in the face of a hostile and distrustful majority. For Cromwell and his Independents were in a hopeless minority, not alone of the Parliament, but of the nation. The Presbyterians held a crushing majority, both in and out of Parliament. Yet despite this fact, Cromwell first organised a troop of horse in consonance with his own ideas, and from his own adherents; then procured the organisation of the whole division of the Eastern Counties upon that model, and officered by his Independent adherents; and, finally, caused the whole army to be reorganised upon this same model, and officered from his trusty Independents. This was done in the teeth of an inimical majority, who distrusted his aims, and were bitterly opposed to the obvious power which it would throw into the hands of their enemies. Yet the majority seemed fascinated and overawed by Cromwell and his resolute minority. They even suffered him to propose the "self-denying ordinance"

by which members of the House were excluded from command, thereby preventing themselves from having any influence over the new army. And they suffered it so to be arranged that a place was evidently left for Cromwell to slip into, in defiance of that ordinance. Mr. Morley confesses that the leaving open of the lieutenant-generalship amounted to nothing else, despite Cromwell's attitude of indifference and unconcern. And at the last moment he was, of course, called to fill the vacant place—which every one must have seen was left vacant for him. It is true that the conspicuous success of his men and his measures, while others were failing, constituted a powerful compulsion towards the adoption of his system throughout the army. But the yielding of the majority to a scheme so obviously devised, and calculated to strip them of all control over the army—a scheme which they feared and fought against, and to which they finally yielded in a manner only to be called panic-stricken—can only be explained in one way. The Independents were organised—superbly organised—and the Presbyterians were not. Organisation is the invariable means by which a resolute minority overawes and overpowers a numerically powerful majority. Again and again has the bold device been practised. And it may generally be said that revolutions (contrary to the usual notion) are made by organised minorities. With Cromwell's victory at Naseby began another state of things. The triumphant Puritans had to settle what they were to do with their victory. What form of government were they going to set up? Was it to be Charles on new terms? Was it to be Presbyterian or Independent (which meant the power of the army)? Were the Scots, who had aided in the triumph, to share in the settlement? If it were to be Charles, on what terms, or with what party would he come to terms? This was the state of things which made Charles believe himself not only safe, but arbiter of the situation.

Then, for the first time, Cromwell became a political leader, with the necessity of choosing a party course. The army had become a political party, and Cromwell was its recognised chief. The facts of his action are undisputed. He negotiated with the King, and the King paltered with him, as he paltered with all leaders, and all parties. The army made extreme Radical demands (to use modern terms), including the abolition of the King; and Cromwell, with his lieutenant, Ireton, opposed their demands. Yet, ultimately he "sought the Lord" with an assemblage of army representatives, and sighfully and tearfully, beating his breast, confessed that he had sinned by communing with the evil thing, pledging himself to the army "platform," as we should now call it. Was he a hypocrite? Had he throughout a settled policy, a definite eye to his own advancement, by Charles, or failing Charles, by the army? Mr. Morley does not believe either. He thinks (and his view is probable) that Cromwell had no foresight of the issue; that he was honestly perplexed, honestly desirous of arranging matters with the least wrench to former institutions, would Charles have conceded the results of the revolution. Failing that, he was swept away by the army. With the experience of the politician, Mr. Morley protests against the notion that a party-leader is master of his party. Cromwell was no ideally far-sighted man—the practical heads of great practical movements seldom are—he was a shrewd and decided waiter upon Providence, thinks Mr. Morley. And he quotes Cromwell's own letters and speeches, quotes them very convincingly, to support this view. When the Puritan captain had reluctantly adopted the army's conviction that kings and lords must disappear, he still shrank from initiating action to that end. "God," he says, "can do it without necessitating us to a thing which is scandalous, and therefore let those that are of that mind wait upon God for such a way where the thing may be done without sin and without scandal too." Now God, practically, was Cromwell's name for the flowing tide; and the flowing tide, in the state of

things then existing, meant the collective will and action of the army. *Vox exercitus, vox Dei* became his virtual principle. Inexorably swift in action when he saw whither circumstance and the overbalance of forces pointed, he was slow and troubled while the hour was in labour of its issue.

So it was after the defeat of the Scots at Dunbar, during the events which led up to the expulsion from the Commons of the Presbyterian majority, who were still negotiating with Charles. He lingered in the North till all was completed; not out of craft, but because he was loth to lend his arm to an act which he yet thought inevitable. Once it was done, he returned and took a leading part in the trial of Charles, which was its logical result. So it was throughout his career. He honourably wished to make the best of the existing parliamentary machinery; but he saw the distresses of the country, and instead of attributing them to circumstances, and the inevitably slow working of any constituent body, believed with soldierly impatience that they might be remedied by a more willing set of men, with an active brain to supervise them. This led him by logical steps to the violent dissolution of Parliament, to the inevitable consequence of assuming supreme control, and to the summoning of one Parliament after another, each of which broke in his hands. Mr. Morley believes he was urged on by violent men like Harrison. But in the famous dissolution of the Long Parliament, at any rate, we find Harrison urging caution, and Cromwell over-riding his warning. This short-sightedness speaks little for his political judgment. He kept the realm from anarchy, let it be granted him. But he aimed at more than that. He aimed at reconstituting the Government, and basing it permanently on Puritan ideals. In this he failed. He did not do as much as was effected by Napoleon I., much of whose work lived after him. He so mishandled matters that he became a leader without a party, a king almost without supporters, save the army which he had fascinated by his victories—and even there violent enemies arose against him. Only the establishment of heredity could have given permanence to his work; and not that without a strong inheritor. For his was the rule of a minority, and a minority which had ceased to be homogeneous. It was a process of whittling down. United Parliament gave place to Presbyterians, Presbyterians to Independents, Independents to Cromwell. With his removal, the point of the inverted pyramid broke, and it over-topped.

A strong ruler, but not a far-sighted statesman, it is not as statesman that Mr. Morley finds his chief praise. Cromwell, he thinks, was before all a great captain. As a statesman, he was not more than what he called himself (setting aside his foreign policy), "a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish."

It was by his military genius [says Mr. Morley], by the might of the legions that he created and controlled, and led to victory upon victory; it was at Marston and Naseby, at Preston and Worcester, in Ireland and at Dunbar, that Cromwell set his deep mark on the destinies of England as she was, and of that vaster dominion into which the English realm was in the course of time to be transformed. . . . In speed and vigour, in dash and in prudence, in force of shock and quick steadiness of recovery; in sieges, marches, long wasting campaigns, pitched engagements; as commander of horse, as tactician, and as strategist, the modern expert ranks Cromwell among the foremost masters of the rough art of war in every branch. . . . It was his armed right hand that crushed the absolutist pretensions alike of crown and mitre, and then forced the three kingdoms into the mould of a single state. It was at those decisive moments, when the trembling balance hung on fortune in the battlefield, that the unconquerable captain turned the scale. . . . This is still what, in a single sentence, defines the true place of Cromwell in history. Along with that paramount claim he performed the service of keeping a provisional form of peace, and delivering the nation from the anarchy in which both order and freedom would have been submerged. He made what some of the

best of his contemporaries thought dire mistakes; he forsook many principles in his choice of means . . . ; and many of his difficulties were of his own creation. Yet watchfulness, self-effacement, versatility, and resource, for the time and on the surface repaired all, and as "constable of the parish" his persistency was unfaltering and unmatched. In the harder task of laying the foundations of a deeper order that might be expected to stand after his own imperious control was withdrawn he was beaten.

This, we think, is a fair and equitable summary of the claims which may rightfully be made for a great and much-disputed Englishman. Fortune was in some things against him. He believed that "what we gain in a free way is better than twice as much in a forced." Yet by fate's irony he appears to posterity as the incarnation of the strong hand. For, no less than Napoleon, he was "head of the army."

### The Breath of Old England.

*Froissart in Britain.* By Henry Newbolt. (Nisbet & Co. 6s.)

FROISSART, most gallant of chroniclers, is the very breath of old England, though he were none of her sons by birth. He was born in a fortunate hour and under a fortunate star, this Fleming of Valenciennes, who came to England as a follower of his countrywoman, Philippa of Hainault, the young Queen to young Edward of England. Froissart was fortunate no less in the translator who has rendered him for the England he loved so well. Lord Berners's version is English of the sweetest and cleanest antiquity, which shames the epithet "hoar" tagged by custom to that noun, for it is all fresh, sound, and green as young oak, now lisping with a confiding felicity which moves joyous laughter, now sent home like well-timbered arrows; every word has the sap in it: it is young English of the best period of young English, admirably right to render this Froissart we call "ancient," with the dew of time on his speech. Fortunate is Froissart, again, that the author of *Admirals All* and *Drake's Drum* should have been inspired to make this selection from Berners's translation.

Mr. Newbolt's title shows that his idea has been to confine himself to those parts of Froissart which deal with England, so that the French wars are excluded, with Cressy, Poitiers, and the Black Prince. That is a great exclusion, yet abundance remains. For in England he includes Scotland and Ireland. His selection is very well done. In a few flashing pages we have before us (Wales excepted) the whole panorama of English rule in the Middle Ages—a splendid, wild, strange, half-familiar scene, with the unlike likeness of a sleeping vision. We find here, too, events, historically hackneyed to us, suddenly coming to life and taking on new aspects. We know all about Wat Tyler, and Walworth, and Richard II. Do we? Read here—you rub your eyes, and doubt. Did we not understand, from our not too accurate school histories, that Richard, being summoned to conference by the insurgents, Wat Tyler laid hold of his bridle, whereon Walworth struck him down, and Richard rode forward with the well-known words; upon which they followed him a certain distance, and dispersed upon a body of men-at-arms coming up? It is not so simple as that in Froissart; nor, perhaps, in the histories of our better-catered-for successors. There were two meetings. Richard left the Tower to meet the main body, while Wat Tyler broke into it with a remnant and murdered the Archbishop of Canterbury, as we know. The Tyler was thus absent from the King's encounter with the principal force, which is delightfully *naïf* in Froissart:

So the King entered in among them, and said to them sweetly, "Ah, ye good people, I am your King; what lack ye? what will ye say?" Then such as heard him said: "We will that ye make us free for ever, ourselves, our heirs, and our lands, and that we be called no more bond, nor so reputed."



The King agreed to their demands, and promised to give his agreement in writing, so they would disperse.

These words appeased well the common people, such as were simple and good plain men, that were come thither and wist not why. They said: "It was well said, we desire not better." . . . And when they had received the writing they departed, and returned into their own countries; but the great venom remained still behind, for Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball said, for all that these people were thus appeased, yet they would not depart so.

The King went from the conference at Mile End to see his mother in the Royal, and, after hearing Mass in Westminster, rode back with but forty horse, till at Smithfield he happened upon the residue of the rebels, to the number of twenty thousand. Wat the Tyler had assembled them there to urge the sack of London, before their confederates from the North and Midlands should arrive to share it with them. Seeing Richard, the Tyler bade his men wait while he spoke with him, and upon a sign slay all except the King, whom, being young, they might lead with them. Follows a picturesque narrative:

Therewith he spurred his horse and came to the King, so near him that his horse's head touched the croup of the King's horse; and the first word that he said was this: "Sir King, seest thou all yonder people?" "Yea, truly," said the King; "wherefore sayest thou?" "Because," said he, "they be all at my commandment, and have sworn to me faith and truth, to do all that I will have them." "In a good time!" said the King, "I will well that it be so." Then Wat Tyler said, as he that nothing demanded but riot: "What, believest thou, King, that these people, and as many as be in London, . . . that they will depart from thee thus without having thy letters?" "No," said the King, "ye shall have them; they be ordained for you, and shall be delivered every one, each after other." . . . With those words Wat Tyler cast his eyes on a squire that was there with the King, bearing the King's sword, and Wat Tyler hated greatly the same squire, for the same squire had displeased him before, for words between them. "What," said Tyler, "art thou there? Give me thy dagger." "Nay," said the squire, "that will I not do; wherefore should I give it thee?" The King beheld the squire, and said: "Give it him; let him have it." And so the squire took it him- self against his will. And when this Wat Tyler had it, he began to play therewith, and turned it in his hand, and said again to the squire: "Give me also that sword." "Nay," said the squire, "it is the King's sword; thou art not worthy to have it, for thou art but a knave; and if there were no more here but thou and I thou durst not speak those words for as much gold in quantity as all yonder church of St. Paul." "By my faith," said Wat Tyler, "I shall never eat meat till I have thy head"; and with these words the Mayor of London came to the King with a twelve horse, well armed under their coats, and so he brake the press and saw and heard how Wat Tyler demeaned himself, and said to him: "Ha! thou knave, how art thou so hardy in the King's presence to speak such words? It is too much for thee so to do." Then the King began to chafe, and said to the Mayor: "Set hands on him." And while the King said so, Tyler said to the Mayor: "A God's name, what have I said to displease thee?" "Yes, truly," quoth the Mayor, "thou false, stinking knave; shalt thou speak thus in the presence of the King, my natural lord? I wish never to live, without thou shalt dearly buy it." And with these words the Mayor drew out his sword and struck Tyler so great a stroke on the head that he fell down at the feet of his horse; and as soon as he was fallen they environed him all about, whereby he was not seen of his company. Then a squire of the King's alighted, called John Standish, and he drew out his sword and put it into Wat Tyler's belly; and so he died.

Pictures of hard hitting and single combat, mutual courtesy and emulous defiance, make the battle scenes of Froissart. And when Scots and English had done fighting, he assures us, whichever gained the victory, they were so well content with one another that at parting they would say, "God thank you!" It is a delightful little touch.

## The Poetry of the "Unspeakable."

*A History of Ottoman Poetry.* By E. J. W. Gibb. Vol. I. (Luzac & Co.)

THIS is the first attempt in English—it may almost be said in the West—to produce a history of Turkish poetry. Von Hammer's great work, as Mr. Gibb points out, is less a history than a dictionary of Turkish poets. This first volume of the work shows erudition and thoroughness: it is not brilliant nor very attractive in style; it is, in fact, a little verbose and heavy; but it is clear and perspicuously arranged. On the whole, judging from the first volume, it deserves to be what it will doubtless become—the standard English authority on the subject. Mr. Gibb's translations, otherwise good, are marred by a profusion of the strangest archaisms and coinages. Of the Turkish poets in this first volume, but a few possess such force of genius as can recommend itself in English guise. The earliest of these is Sultân Vâled, a mystical poet, of whom we may take a brief specimen. Vâled tells a legend, how God said to Moses that He was ill, and Moses had not come nigh Him. Moses asks His meaning, and God replied that a saint of His has been ill upon earth:

How is it thou never hast gone to see him there?  
Never asked his plight, nor said, "How dost thou fare?"  
That I'm other than My saint, O deem not thou!  
Whoso seeth him, he hath seen Me likewise;  
Whoso asks for him hath asked for Me likewise.  
See thou Me in him, and him in Me thou'lt see;  
Ask of Me from him, and ask of him from Me!

Vâled seems to us a purely intellectual poet, but one whose insight justifies his reputation. For the highest honours of poetry he needs the addition of that ardour which he conspicuously lacks. He is, so to speak, a half-Dante, or, rather, a half-Wordsworth, with the imaginative and emotional sides excised. But as a gnomic poet, let us rate him not meanly.

Then, however, comes a dreary sequence. Romance rumbling like a hay-waggon, ingeniously contorted *ghazels* and *rubais*, a hymn on the Prophet's nativity which is how different from that *Nativity* hymn of Milton, Burhân and Ashiq, Ahmedî and Suleymân—let them all pass by. Let us come to a true poet—Sheykhî, author of the romance, *Khusrev and Shirin*. Take the passage describing Khusrev's discovery of Shirin bathing. We have been fain to alter some words and lines marred by Mr. Gibb's worst affectations of diction and awkwardnesses of expression, that so beautiful a passage might not lose more than was inevitable:

Advancing softly, sudden did he sight  
That Moon within the water shining bright.  
And what a Moon! the world-illuming sun  
More splendid were if 'neath her shade he won.  
From mid the fount effulgence flasheth forth;  
The fount laves her, she laves in light the earth.  
Her violet locks spread o'er her roses were,  
As she combed out her hyacinthine hair.  
Her body made the pond a treasure-cist,  
O'er which her coiled locks seemed to twine and twist.  
Her hand had pushed those writhing snakes away.  
As saying: "Hence! a charm here holdeth sway!"  
For, raving wildly when it saw her ear,  
She'd bound the water with her curling hair;  
As frenzied 'twere and furious of spright,  
She had enchained and fettered it outright.  
So showed her crystal frame with spray bestrewn,  
As through a pearl-gemmed veil of reed the moon.

When shone that Moon before the Prince's gaze,  
The Prince became the sun—with fire ablaze.

For chase or pastime all his force was o'er,  
He bit upon his finger, wildered sore.  
Unwitting of his gaze, the jasmine-breast,  
(For o'er her narcissus did her jacinth rest),

When passed the murky cloud from her sun-face,  
That beauty looked, and saw there full of grace  
A paradise-bird an eagle-wing upon,  
A Cypress become flagstaff for the sun.  
That Fount of Radiance for her shame and fright  
Did tremble like the moon on water bright.  
Nor other help could find that Moon most fair  
Than round her she should cast her flowing hair.  
She wrapped her in her loosened hair straightway,  
She veiled with the darksome night the day.

Even in its extravagances this description has strong affinity to the luxuriant Elizabethan writers. Perhaps it is this which incited Mr. Gibb to such horrors as "the sugar-dulce Shirin," and "did lave amene." So does he deal with the zealot-poet, Nesimi, who was flayed alive for over-bold proclamation of the Sûfi mysteries. And truly his language reads blasphemously to the uninitiate. He applies the language of the Ottoman Bible—the Koran—to the Beloved, without stint or measure:

O censor, cast thy rosary and praying-rug afar from thee,  
And gaze on yonder curl and mole, and see what snare  
and grain are they.

And, again:

Curl and cheek of thine stand there, the Lord ascended  
on the Throne;  
Thou whose eye-brow is the Kaaba-niche, whose eye the  
preacher here.

Bare the Secret of thine ambergris-diffusing locks is laid,  
Come is God's own Spirit, abrogate are cross and monkish  
gear.

Gabriel hath revealed the Scripture on the tablet of thy  
Form,  
Thou whose beauty is the Word of God; a wondrous thing  
is here!

O Nesimi, since thy rival is thy love, to wit, is God,  
One are wrath and grace, and one likewise thy rival and  
thy dear.

Such style is not unique, for a Persian poet has said, "The lifting of her eyebrow is my Lord." Through the strangeness of Turkish theological forms one can feel a fierce blast of ardour, altogether poetic. These three—Valed, Sheykhi, and Nesimi—in their different ways bear to us the stamp of power, and give us hope that subsequent volumes will disclose a richer record than we can truthfully say is exhibited in these early periods of dulness or artifice. But it is a curious and novel literature, worth Mr. Gibb's searching and painstaking history.

### The Antarctic Night.

*Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-99: a Narrative of the Voyage of the "Belgica."* By Frederick A. Cook. Illustrated. (Heinemann.)

AMONG the numerous expeditions that in these later years are flocking to the great spaces of the unknown South, the spirited little boatload of adventurers who, under the auspices of the Belgian Sovereign, sailed out of Antwerp harbour in August, 1897, might possibly have escaped notice but for the happy fortune that at the last moment provided them, in the person of the American Dr. Cook, with a capable chronicler. "Stylish" (we thank "£600 a Year" for that word) most fittingly describes the doctor's literary manner. His narrative is of the kind that it were better to read by two or three parallel lines at a time lest you should be tempted to analyse pedantically the structure of his periods. Words must be accepted as meaning solely what in the immediate context he uses them to signify, lest, haunted by a sense of etymology, you accuse him of tautology or confusion of metaphors. You must like long words best, and brace

yourself to smile upon such pleasantries as an allusion to sea-sickness as the worship of Neptune. One other fault we have to find with Dr. Cook before we proceed to the story of the voyage. Explorers are, of necessity, cut off for the time being from the happiness of family life and the society of women; but the surgeon's recurring complaints on this hardship are in a key that, it is to be hoped, does less than justice to the rest of the party. The dull, blatant vulgarity of pages 251, 252, for instance, is either hateful evidence of the degraded taste of the general public for which the book is confessedly written, or it is the sign of an astonishing indiscretion on the part of an author who at the same time—such is his sense of delicacy—must veil an allusion to the human leg in a foreign language. (Yes, indeed: *les jambes*!) Let us do Dr. Cook, on the other hand, the justice to add that he has an eye for colour effects, and that in his descriptions of the wonderful antarctic night he is often vivid and happy.

For it is precisely the Night that the *Belgica* was the first to explore. She penetrated roughly a degree and a half further than Captain Cook, in 1774—to 71° 36'; whereas Weddell, in 1823, reached 74° 15'; Ross, 78° 9' 5", in 1842; and the *Southern Cross*, in February of this year, 78° 50' S. The boat was a stout "bark"—so Dr. Cook spells it—not specially built for the expedition, 110 feet by 26 feet, drawing 15 feet of water. She was furnished with auxiliary steam, which gave her seven knots at her swiftest. She was no greyhound, but she proved an excellent bulldog. She was well found with canned victuals, and carried 2,000 pounds of tonite, reputed more efficacious than dynamite for the destruction of ice, if she should be "embraced by the Frost King." The commandant was Adrien de Gertache; the captain, Georges Lecointe—Belgians both. So was the magnetician, Emile Danco, who died. Henryk Arctowski, geologist, oceanographer and meteorologist, was a Russian; the naturalist was a Roumanian; the engineers and foremast hands, Belgians and Norwegians. East and west of a new channel in the Palmer Archipelago it is claimed, among the general results of the voyage, that the explorers succeeded in charting about 500 miles of what they suppose to be a great continental mass underlying the perennial ice-cap of the Pole. The new waterway they called Belgica Strait; and the country to the east of it, which probably connects with Grahamland, Dancoland, after their ill-fated magnetician. M. Lecointe's observations indicate the magnetic pole about 200 miles east of its previously assigned position, which seems to accord with the determination of the Newnes Expedition—146° E, 73° 20' S. Of this latter no mention is made.

On May 16, the ship being now fast in the pack—in latitude 71° 34' 30", longitude 89° 10"—Lecointe announced that what Dr. Cook calls "the fair-haired goddess of light" would rise no more for seventy days. At ten o'clock on the following morning

the purple twilight curve settled over the south-west, edged with an indescribable blending of orange, red, and gold, and at eleven o'clock this curve was met by a zone of rose which gradually ascended over the north-east, above the sun. The ice, which had been gray, was lighted up by a lively flash of pink, which was relieved by long river-like leads of open water having a glowing surface of dark violet. These, however, were the surface colours towards the sun. In the opposite direction there was an entirely different effect. The snow had spread evenly over it a delicate shade of green, while the waters were a very dark purple-blue. A few minutes before twelve a great distorted, ill-defined semi-globular mass of fire rose over the north, edged along the line of sharp hummocks, and then sank beneath the ice. It was an image of the sun lifted above its actual position by the refractive character of the air through which its light passed to our eyes.

Soon even this delusion failed them, and day by day the observers were tantalised by the suggestion of a dawn that



faded into night. The moon itself shone sulkily, as if she thought the sun should better have stood to his business:

A strange rectangular block of fire appeared in the east-south-east. Its size was that of a small tabular iceberg, but it had a dull crimson glow which made the scene at once weird and fascinating. Its base rested on the horizon and it seemed to rise, brighten, and move northerly. The sky here was a purple, thinly veiled by a light smoky haze caused by icy crystals in the lower stratus of atmosphere, but there was not another speck of redness on this side of the heavens except the orange bow usually seen over the twilight zone. We watched this with considerable awe and amazement for ten minutes before we could determine its meaning. It passed through several stages of forms, finally it separated, and we discovered that it was the moon.

The effect of such abnormal conditions was marked in the health of the men. The "kydbolla" and "fiskabolla" became extremely distasteful. The meat of penguins and seals was not palatable. There showed itself a general tendency to anæmia and sluggishness of the digestive organs; the heart became unsteady. The discomforts of a temperature that generated snow in the most improbable places, as in the nape of a man's neck and at the back of his pillow, became intolerable. More than one of the crew showed signs of insanity at last; one did clean lose his wits. Danco died. They sank him with a weight at his heels. Being quite modern explorers, they had no "sky-pilot" aboard (there was more need of land-pilots, Dr. Cook rather inanely interjects); the Commandant, therefore, made on the occasion "some appropriate remarks"; and they were haunted thenceforth by the notion of their comrade floating feet downwards beneath the keel.

The return of the sun is, of course, qualified as a "pyrotechnic display":

At about half-past eleven a few stratus clouds spread over the rose, and under these there was a play in colours too complex for my powers of description. The clouds were at first violet, but they quickly caught the train of colours which was spread over the sky beyond. There were spaces of gold, orange, blue, green, and a hundred harmonious blends, with an occasional strip like a band of polished silver to set the colours in bold relief. Precisely at twelve o'clock a fiery cloud separated, disclosing a bit of the upper rim of the sun. . . . Looking towards the sun the fields of snow had a velvety aspect in pink. In the opposite direction the pack was noticeably flushed with a soft lavender light. The whole scene changed colour with every direction taken by the eye, and everywhere the ice seemed veiled by a gauzy atmosphere in which the colour appeared to rest. . . . A few minutes after twelve the light was extinguished, a smoky veil of violet was drawn over the dim outline of the ice, and quickly the stars again twinkled in the gobelin blue of the sky as they had done without being outshone for nearly seventeen hundred hours.

To win out of the berth in which for so many months they had lain was not easy. Every floe but their own cracked, severed; but theirs, though the circumference diminished to some seven miles, still fenced the vessel straitly. They tempted the sun with dug ditches; it availed nothing. They laid in ambush the redoubtable tonite; it did so meanly wheeze itself into inanity that one sarcastic spirit suggested that to serve as kitchen fuel was its true vocation. Finally, they dug and sawed themselves a channel to the nearest "lead."

This is the point at which the interest of the narrative really ends. The return journey was simple. We are not interested in Dr. Cook's emotions when he again heard the *frou-frou* of petticoats, nor do we share his regret that he has not the poetic power to express it. It may be added that the appendix, comprising the general observations of his superior officers, is good business-like work, that contrasts very favourably with his own discursive story. As a photographer, on the other hand, his diligence was matched by his success.

## Sun-Clocks.

*The Book of Sun-Dials.* By the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Enlarged and Re-edited by H. K. K. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd. (Bell & Sons. 31s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume, originally written by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, is now re-issued, greatly enlarged and carefully re-edited, by her daughter, Mrs. Eden, and her former assistant, Miss Eleanor Lloyd. We have nothing but gratitude for such an obvious labour of love. A handsome book, and a monumental piece of specialism! What it does not tell you about dials is not worth noting. You have the dials of all ages and countries, dial-mottoes, and even a special chapter by means of which the private enthusiast can make his own dials. While you are reading it, dials become the chief object of life; you feel that the everlasting hills were created chiefly to carve dials on; that, in fact (to adapt Shakespeare)—

All the world's a Dial,  
And all the men and women merely gnomons.

Alas! it may be feared that nowadays not many know even that the *gnomon* is the metal erection which serves to cast the shadow on the dial-plate—so completely has this old time-measurer fallen into the portion of tinder-boxes and outworn "Charlies." Yet, as stage-coaches have suffered a beatific revival, as falconry has again its votaries, so a half-aesthetic, half-antiquarian cult of the dial is announcing itself in shy corners, appropriate to its peaceful, old-world associations.

There is much to be said for it. Undoubtedly it is a far more poetic way of noting time than your mere mechanic clock, or engine-turned watch. We take the heavens into our confidence; the sun himself becomes our *muezzin*, our watchman to call the hours. The poets have recognised the charms of the sun-dial, while scarce any (Pope, perhaps, and Suckling) have condescended to the watch. The compilers have not been mindless of this side of their subject, and show a pretty faculty for "dropping into verse," like Mr. Wegg. They quote Rossetti:

Stands it not by the door,  
Love's Hour— . . . ?  
Its eyes invisible  
Watch till the dial's thin-thrown shade  
Be born—yea, till the journeying line be laid  
Upon the point that wakes the spell.

A charming image, worthy of the mediæval-minded poet. And again:

Round the sun-dial  
The reluctant hours of day,  
Heartless, hopeless of their way,  
Rest and call.

Even Plautus has his reference to the dial—indeed, one of the earliest specimens of dial was found at Herculaneum, made in the shape of a ham!

To us a sun-dial is a geometrical, unornamental thing enough. But the best of the old dials—particularly from the Renaissance time—were decorative and handsome objects; and some survive to show this. The finest, according to the authors, are Scottish. But of the great English dial-makers, the first was (of course) a German! His name was Kratzer, he lived under Henry VIII., was painted by Holbein, and his fine portrait from the Louvre is the frontispiece of this book. One of his dials stood in the churchyard wall of St. Mary's, Oxford; and the inscription survives, though not the dial. It gives Kratzer's biography in little; mentions that his stonemason was English; and concludes with the glorious swagger, in most doggish Latin: "Ambo viri semper Germano more bibebant, et poterant potus sugere quicquid erat." Which is to say: "Both men drank ever in the German fashion, and could soak all the liquor that was going." No doubt the boast was true; and no doubt he made good sun-dials. One, made for Corpus Christi, Oxford, Robert Hegge, a scholar of that college, not only

sketched for us, but has left its praises in veritable dithyrambs, a pean on a sun-dial.

The dial given to Cowper by the Rev. J. Johnson has strayed into literature, by reason of the following letter from the poet, which we somewhat abbreviate. It begins, "My dearest Johnny":

It was only the day before yesterday that, while we walked after dinner in the orchard, Mrs. Unwin between Sam and me, hearing the Hall clock, I observed a great difference between that and ours, and began immediately to lament, as I had often done, that there was not a sun-dial in all Weston to ascertain the true time for me. My complaint was long, and lasted till, having turned into the grass-walk, we reached the new building at the end of it, where we sat awhile and reposed ourselves. In a few minutes we returned by the way we came, when what, think you, was my astonishment to see what I had not seen before, though I had passed close by it—a smart sun-dial mounted on a smart stone pedestal! I assure you it seemed the effect of conjuration. I stopped short and exclaimed, "Why, here is a sun-dial, and upon our ground! How is this? Tell me, Sam, how came it here? Do you know anything about it?" At first I really thought (that is, as soon as I could think at all) that this factotum of mine, Sam Roberts, having often heard me deplore the want of one, had given orders for the supply of that want himself, without my knowledge, and was half-pleased and half-offended. But he soon exculpated himself by imputing the fact to you.

Burns continues the chain, for he was taught dialling, along with mensuration, by his village schoolmaster—a frequent practice with the better-class village schoolmaster of those days. But let us close our literary associations with a delightfully unliterary letter, written by an old Yorkshire dialler to excuse his delay in fixing a dial, during the early part of this century. It runs Dogberry very close for sonorous misuse of language:

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I have imbraced every applicable opportunity possible for a completion, and yet after all defeated! if I could possess you (but I have treated you so) we will let alone fixing a time, the model will take two or three days yet to finish it, you need not be afraid of any preposterous executions, though I could like somewhat handsome with regard to its perspicuous situation, and a little towards a melioration of my conduct towards you. I have for the present resolved it the most extant job I have on hand, . . . but cannot with any propriety fix a day yet.

We cannot part from our subject without some reference to the dial-mottoes of which this book contains an exhaustive collection. Charles Lamb found them more affecting than epitaphs. We can scarce agree with him. They ring the changes on a few well-worn themes; yet many are terse and striking, some with a quaint pithiness. Of these are *Nil sine nobis*, "Nothing exists without us [the sunbeams]"; *Nil sine celesti radio*, "Nothing exists without some heavenly ray"; and *Non horas numero nisi serenas*, "I number only hours serene," which turns to favour the chief drawback of the sun-dial. A weightier motto is *Non rego nisi regar*, "I rule not save I be ruled," referring to the governing dial's government by the sun, which is, as the authors observe, an enforcement of Thomas A'Kempis's profound maxim: "No man ruleth safely but he that is willing to be ruled." A pithy saying is, "Now is yesterday's to-morrow." "Tak' tint of time ere time be tint" [heed of time ere time be lost] is a thrifty Scots counsel of the present day.

The longer mottoes are mostly weak and unquotable. Let us not forget the one jocose instance. Dean Cotton, of Bangor, had a cross old gardener, who bade folk, "Go about your business." After the man's death, the Dean engraved his advice round the sun-dial, after the "Bil Stumps" fashion, thus: "Goa bou tyo urb us in ess." It passed very well for a Welsh axiom. With which ray of jest we may end a necessarily desultory notice of a very complete and interesting book, destined to be the standard authority on its subject.

## An Australian Poet.

*In the Days when the World was Wide.* By Henry Lawson. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson; London: The Australian Book Company.)

ONE imagines that Mr. Henry Lawson has surely, some time and by some one, been called an Australian Kipling. He has just the superficial resemblances which court such superficial comparisons. He has not the magic of touch which ever and again lifts Mr. Kipling's best ballads into the region of absolute poetry, such as the allusion to the "spicy garlic smells" and the "tinkly temple bells" of Burmah. He has not the gift to create the same astonishingly literary effects out of vilely unliterary language: to make a debased speech give up strange reminiscences of buried fragrance. He has nothing, in fact, of the great artist that is in Kipling. His steed is on the levels; it is no winged horse, like that amazing khaki-coloured steed of the "uncrowned laureate." But it has bone, sinew, and "go." These ballads (for such they mostly are) abound in spirit and manhood, in the colour and smell of Australian soil. They deserve the popularity which they have won in Australia, and which we trust this edition will now give them in England. That colony has, indeed, travelled far since Charles Lamb noticed the first-fruits of her verse. Mr. Lawson (it will be surmised from what we have said) is at his best in those poems where his rough, customary English has a dramatic effect and justification; and these are in the majority. Where he tries natural description and lyric sentiment, the lack of charm becomes patent. It is unfortunate that his best poems are too long to quote entire. But take a sample of the sturdy vigour in his steerage poem, "For'ard":

We are shabby, rough, 'n' dirty, an' our feelin's out of tune,  
An' it's hard on fellers for'ard that was used to go saloon;  
There's a broken swell among us—he is barracked, he is chaffed,  
An' I wish at times, poor devil, for his own sake he was aft;

For they'd understand him, aft  
(He will miss the bath-rooms aft),  
Spite of all there's no denyin' that there's finer feelin's aft.

I want to breathe the mornin' breeze that blows against the boat,  
For there's a swellin' in my heart—a tightness in my throat—  
We are for'ard when there's trouble! We are for'ard when there's graft!  
But the men who never battle always seem to travel aft;  
With their dressin'-cases, aft,  
With their swell pyjamas, aft—  
Yes! the idle and the careless, they have ease and comfort aft.

Mr. Lawson has humour, too, and can blend it with hinted sentiment, as is done excellently in the Watty verses. In one swinging poem, "The Star of Australasia," Mr. Lawson prophesies the waking of Australia to warlike heroism—a prophecy in fair way of fulfilment. We have given a most imperfect notion of Mr. Lawson's range. Almost every side of the roving settler's life is touched, always with vividness, picturesqueness, and a brave, open-air feeling. The book gives a better idea of Australia as it was till lately than volumes of prosaic description. For Mr. Lawson has lived the life he sings; and the vignette shows him on the tramp. He is a right-spirited poet, and should make a mark among his like in England.



## Other New Books.

REFLECTED LIGHTS FROM "THE  
FACE OF THE DEEP."

ED. BY W. M. L. JAY.

To arrange the wild beauty of Christina Rossetti's free, fanciful meditations on the Apocalypse of St. John in a scheme of orderly parterres was a well-inspired thought. The tangled luxuriance of the original book has, indeed, a charm which does not survive the treatment; but for the practical purposes of spiritual reading no doubt the gathering of her thoughts under the headings of Love, Faith, Humility, Obedience, Penitence, the Cross, and the like, will render them more generally useful. A curiously unmodern vein characterises the book—a very primitive attitude towards the evangelical truths seasoned with a grain or two of the demure wit characteristic of the school of Assisi. "Ignorance by virtue of goodwill takes rank as a part of obedience. . . . Childlike souls know much that they understand not. . . . Knowledge and wisdom are quite distinct, though not necessarily sundered. . . . In the same sense that some see and yet see not, hear and yet hear not, so some may be said to know without knowing." Here is an unfamiliar note: "Ignorance is often a safeguard and a privilege. It is better to avoid doubts than to reject them. To study a difficulty is often to incur one." With one more quotation, we have done:

[Thy trouble] is a surface scourge: kiss the rod, and thou shalt abide as the profound sea whose surface is lashed and ploughed by the winds, but whose depths repose in unbroken calm.

(Alas for shallow persons who are all surface!)

The book is prettily bound, and contains some pictures that, though agreeable to the eye, are too modern in spirit for the text they illustrate. (S.P.C.K.)

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM  
PLUNKET.BY FREDERICK DOUGLAS  
HOW.

This memoir of the late Archbishop of Dublin reveals, to a world that knew him mainly as a truculent and fanatical enthusiast, the picture of a very engaging gentleman. To him the Disestablished Church was no mere importation from England, but the Church of Patrick and Bridget and Kolumbkil; the dominant hierarchy of Rome an intrusive foreign tyranny—sinister, rapacious, oppressive. He did sincerely believe that he could undertake no task more worthy of a patriot and a philanthropist than to loosen here and there those grievous fetters. His convictions brought him face to face once, as he sat alone in a carriage from which the doors had been removed, with an angry, dangerous mob. He showed up very well. Sitting in doubt whether the next moment he might not be in rough hands, he wrote down in his note-book an account of the circumstances which had brought him into the predicament, with an expression of gratitude to the psalmist who had taught him to say: "The very abjects gathered themselves together against me, making mouths at me and ceased not." For he liked words. "You are such a quiddity," he writes; "A change," he says, "sometimes *sprigs* you up"; to the mother whom he worshipped he subscribes himself exuberantly, "Your most affectionate estissimus." The appeal from "the Reformed Church of Spain" was delightful to him. There was a touch of romance in the situation; and it was a fine opportunity of asserting the autonomy of the Irish Church, as against Canterbury and the E.C.U. The consecration of Cabrera, said Père Hyacinthe to him, grasping his hand after the ceremony, "marks an era in the history of the Christian Church." And his hearer, at least, believed it. He was the *enfant terrible* of the Anglican Church. If he had not been that he would have liked, he said, to be a landscape-gardener. (Isbister. 16s.)

ENGLAND, EGYPT, AND THE SUDAN.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

The great tragi-comedy of modern Egypt, which began with the establishment of the Khedivate by that ruthless Albanian, Mehemet Ali, and his descendants, was closed by the final struggle between East and West at Omdurman, with its epilogue of the death of the Khalifa not far from Obeid. That chapter of modern history is now closed, and its record is to be found scattered over many volumes by many hands. As a whole, the great drama was non-existent until Mr. H. D. Traill was well-inspired to place it between two covers, and at such brief length that even the idlest man may find time to read it. As long as Oriental rulers do not graft the vices of the West upon those of the East they do well after their fashion; but Ismail Pasha was tempted to be Parisian, and so paved the way for Arabi, the Mahdi, and the Khalifa, and incidentally brought about his own exile. We are now able to see that the drama unfolded itself in due course, and marched steadily towards the inevitable, and the little episodes which once seemed to be the plot itself are reduced to their proper dimensions. In Mr. Traill's book the whole scheme is unfolded for us in order, with due regard to the importance of events, and the history is very excellently done. Being by Mr. Traill it is, of course, well written, and told with a due regard for its dramatic essentials. Three plans and a map illustrate the course of events, and an index—an absolute necessity in a work of this kind—gives the volume the dignity of a book of reference. (Archibald Constable & Co. 12s.)

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE.

BY JULIAN S. CORBETT.

Mr. Corbett's present volume is the sequel to his *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, and continues the account of the war with Spain, which lasted from the death of Drake, in 1596, to the death of Elizabeth. This is a period too often ignored in our histories; but, as Mr. Corbett points out, the defeat of the Armada had by no means finally established England's position at sea, and the campaigns which followed were vital to her future. The period was one of splendid failure, for England attempted to make use of the maritime supremacy she had won, and failed because an efficient army was wanting to continue hostilities after the point beyond which naval action alone cannot advance. This volume must be read in connexion with Mr. Corbett's two previous volumes on the Tudor navy. Some of his conclusions may be open to doubt; but he supplies much food for thought, and has written a painstaking and comprehensive study of the naval history of the time. The volume is well illustrated by photographs of the Earl of Essex, and of Lords Dorset, Nottingham, and Mountjoy, and by process reproductions of portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cumberland, and of charts and pictures of warlike operations. The maps are excellent, and the index is gratifying and full. The book is one which all students of naval matters should read. (Longmans, Green & Co. 21s.)

BY WILLIAM SENIOR ("RED  
SPINNER") AND OTHERS.

PIKE AND PERCH.

This, the latest and ninth volume of the "Fur, Feather and Fin" series, is written by hands as accustomed to the pen as to the rod. The names of "Red Spinner" and "John Bickerdyke" are familiar to those who never made a cast in their lives, and to whom a paternoster certainly does not suggest anything connected with angling. Mr. Senior deals with the pike wherever he is to be found, in river, lake, and pond, and discovers as many practical facts about him, drawn from shrewd experience, as should serve to make the budding pike-fisher turn at once to sort out and prepare his winter tackle. With the pike of fancy Mr. Senior deals kindly; the monsters of 170 lbs. and upwards, the giants of tradition, he dismisses with a shrug and a smile; in local history, which is tradition glorified,

the pike assumes proportions more proper to the shark. But it is not to be wondered at that fish should grow enormously round the inn fire o' nights; there is something in the unsteady light and the heavy shadows that makes things loom big. Mr. Senior devotes an interesting chapter to the "Ancient Art of Trolling." It is unsportsmanlike to troll nowadays, except in waters where pike are regarded as mere vermin; it is certainly the most destructive and wanton form of spot, the gorged hooks making it impossible to return undersized fish.

"John Bickerdyke," himself the author of the latest work on pike-fishing, deals with perch in this volume, and there is a chapter on "Pike in Trout Waters," by Mr. W. H. Pope. The methods of cooking the two fish are treated by Mr. Shand, who does not fail to mention that that glorious receipt of Isaac Walton's for preparing a pike for the table, which is "too good for any but anglers or very honest men." (Longmans. 5s.)

We have received, in the "Masters of Medicine" series, *Thomas Sydenham*, by Joseph Frank Payne (Unwin, 5s.), the fullest biography yet written of this famous seventeenth-century physician, whom Dr. John Brown called "the prince of practical physicians, whose character is as beautiful and genuinely English as his name." Sydenham was a prolific medical writer, yet placed little faith in books as helps to the profession. Asked by Sir Richard Blackmore, when a young man, what books he should study, Sydenham replied: "Read *Don Quixote*; it is a very good book; I read it myself still," his meaning being: reading books will never make a doctor.

Prince Demidoff's *Hunting Trips in the Caucasus* was such a capital record of eager sport that no Nimrod need hesitate to read his new book, *After Wild Sheep in the Altai and Mongolia* (Rowland Ward, 21s.). Three years ago Prince Demidoff saw in Mr. Ward's shop-window in Piccadilly some splendid heads of wild sheep which, he ascertained, had been secured by Major Cumberland on the Altai Mountains. He at once decided to start for the same spot. As companion he secured Mr. St. George Littledale, and neither sportman's wife would hear of being left behind. The narrative is excellent reading.

Messrs. Longmans issue this week *The Forward Policy and its Results: Thirty-five Years' Work Amongst the Tribes on our North-Western Frontier* (15s. net), by Richard Isaac Bruce, C.I.E. Mr. Bruce says he is more at home in the saddle than at the desk, but he has produced a record of his absorbing labours in connexion with the management of the tribes of our North and North-Western Frontiers of India. The principles advocated by Lord Roberts and Lord Elgin have Mr. Bruce's warm support.

*The Prolongation of Life* (3s. 6d.) is the title of a little book by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D., issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It gives useful yet moderate advice on Exercise, Clothing, Bathing, Food, Drink, Tobacco, Eyes, and Beards. The author does not approve the last-named appendages.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," said Charles Lamb. We doubt whether many people have taken his advice, but Messrs. Headley Bros., of Bishopsgate, have just issued an excellent illustrated edition of Woolman's *Journal*, and his *Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich*. The introduction written in 1871 by the poet Whittier is used, and there are an Appendix, Bibliography, &c.

In the "Little Library" series we have from Messrs. Methuen *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, with notes and an introduction by Mr. J. Churton Collins; and *Maud, and Other Poems*, edited by Elizabeth Wordsworth. These volumes are extremely neat, and usefully equipped; but we could wish the notes anywhere but at the foot of the page.

## Fiction.

*Petersburg Tales.* By Olive Garnett.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

It is probable that Miss Garnett has enjoyed exceptional facilities for becoming acquainted with the Russian character. If not, so much the more to be admired is the living picture of middle-class Russian society which is presented in one of these tales, "The Case of Vetrova." About these characters there is no suggestion of second-hand observation. And to present the different types by the portrayal of their diverse attitudes towards the tragedy of the girl revolutionary burned to death in prison under conditions that leave room for wide and sinister conjecture, is an ambitious and spirited design. Also it is carried out with ability. That the story nevertheless does drag is due to the fact that Vetrova herself is left too shadowy. We do not even learn precisely what happened to her, and—which is more serious—we never are brought near enough to realise her personality. Imagine *The Ring and the Book* without Pompilia's story! Far the best constructed of these four stories, the most effectually wrought, is "The Secret of the Universe." This is the title of a wild excursion into the domain that guards its secret between Matter and Mind. The grey figure of the simple-hearted megalomaniac, its author, and the ample form of his tearful wife (with her back hair twisted into the semblance of a teapot handle), are convincing. Charming is the outline of Blanche, bent on defending the amiable Koko from the obsession of these innocent horse-leeches. By his good offices the absurd book is at last produced. Not a copy sold; and Barry was set to work upon his autobiography, which, being written in Russian, must be translated:

We all pegged away again in the afternoon, and for days after that. . . . I don't remember the details now, only that from the day Barry became Professor of Law in St. Petersburg he strode on till the closing chapters, a tragic figure, through oppression and chicanery; down a vista of arrests, imprisonments, exile, sufferings, in an atmosphere vibrating with indignation and revolt. We, of course, very soon revolted against the word "indignation," we had so soon exhausted the available equivalents. The "anger mingled with contempt" supplied by the dictionary didn't go very far. All the good and intelligent people whom Barry had met had necessarily been indignant about something, and this was the one prominent fact which he seemed to remember about them. . . . The chapters on the Polish exiles whom Barry met in Siberia—the best chapters—were also the most painful, and, strange to record, reduced us oftenest to hysterical laughter. We might laugh; it was well we did. The book gained on us; and, as we proceeded, the figure of the unconscious hero—of this noble old man—stood out clearer and clearer. Childlike vanity was writ large over the pages, but his essential character shone through the gloom like a vein of gold in a dark place. Such apostrophes, coming as a climax to a burst of indignation, as "Nicholas I., I abominate you! Alexander II., I defy you! Alexander III., I despise you!" would reduce us to that feebleness in which the pen falls from nerveless fingers, and one leans back, in inward vision, between laughter and tears.

This long quotation shows Miss Garnett in her most personal vein. She is stiffer sometimes. Like all clever writers of the rising generation she shows tendencies that we propose for the future to call Jacobean. "Out of It," for instance, is a mere essay in the manner; and as such it is clever. The substance of the tale, however, is too slender to sustain accidents so elaborate, and our admiration is quite unimpassioned. Having mentioned by name three of the stories, we dare not omit all allusion to "Roukoff." It is an excellent piece of work: it almost "comes off." Pedantry we abominate; but there occur little solecisms that we cannot but resent in pages that furnish so many and quite remarkable evidences of an excellent talent.



*Tongues of Conscience.* By Robert Hichens.  
(Methuen.)

MR. HICHENS, it is common knowledge, has a tasteful style, an eye for landscape, and a pretty wit; but the fact remains that in nothing he has written, so far as his writing remains in our memory, is there any evidence that his mind is set apart from the habit of thought prevalent among the educated and intelligent of his contemporaries. That is superficial and materialistic, if you analyse it, to the last. But such as it is it should produce itself in literature. It should not, that is to say, play with notions that are alien to its temper. Above all, it should not start boldly with a preternatural manifestation, and then neither stand boldly by it nor adequately explain it away. That is what, in "How Love came to Professor Guilden," Mr. Hichens rather flagrantly does. There you have a materialistic man of science subject to the obsession of a degraded spirit. The suffering of the man under this humiliating persecution is rather poignantly indicated. The story laid hold upon us as we read it, for it was told with a nicety of circumstance that convinced. Particularly that parrot offering its crest to the caress of the unseen finger—mimicking the lovesick endearments of the unseen, loathed visitant—is final evidence that the obsession had an external cause. Yet when the man succumbs to the horror—dies—we are told simply that the victim died from failure of the heart. Of course there follows a suggestion that that was but a shallow view of the case; but this is not enough, unless the author can convince us that he has in view another, and a mystical, hypothesis. And that the glimpse of the figure huddled on the Park bench opposite singularly fails to do. The same fault we find in "The Lady and the Beggar," and "The Cry of the Child." They are "shockers" of the preternatural. So is "Sea Change." About all these, as about most of Mr. Hichens's more serious work, there is an air of insincerity. It is as though, behind the mask, we could divine always his smile of inappropriate sanity. We like him so much better in his merry moments.

*Men of Marlowe's.* By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.  
(John Long.)

MRS. DUDENEY, with a recklessness similar to Mr. Hichens's, seems to take it for granted that, believing so little, we are at liberty to pretend anything. As to which the most obvious comment is that, granting the principle, to act upon it, and to cut himself free from the fetters of law and fact, suggests in the author not fecundity but poverty of imagination. "Beyond the Gray Gate" is the story that for the moment we have particularly in mind. The crazy fancy of the cooped-up cockney clerk, who from a suburban ramble returns to his shrewish wife with a picturesque babble of green fields and rustic lovers and a blooming dairymaid, is convincing as it stands. The fruitless voyage of verification is touching; but to make it bite it is deemed necessary, after the man's death, to renew the search, and to discover an aged man with reminiscences all too pat:

"Ah! there was a gate on the common—hereabouts, as near as I can mind. . . . There was a copse—Shannonsees Copse, I think they called it; but my memory ain't what it was. You went over a stile. That was a rare place for courtin'—he grinned, showing a toothless cavern, and he spluttered with merry memories as he rocked on the spade.

He goes on further to particularise. Upon such coincidences it is hardly enough to comment "Odd, wasn't it? But then the world is odd." These stories of the Men of Marlowe's Inn are not, however, invariably open to a similar objection. They are gruesome studies, rather, of the effect that the atmosphere of the London Inns has, if not upon the actual dwellers therein, at any rate upon the imaginative minds of those who contemplate it from the brighter focus of

family life in the suburbs or the convenient flat: and for what they are we joyfully proclaim that they are very good.

*The Bountiful Lady.* By Thomas Cobb.  
(Grant Richards.)

It is still very doubtful whether any but children know anything worth knowing about children. Advanced students of the Child, like Lewis Carroll and Mr. Kenneth Grahame, may, perhaps, have got as far as that realisation of ignorance which is the first step towards knowledge; but beyond this who has passed? The present is said to be an age of children's books. It would be more correct to say that it is an age of children's books for adults. Try to imagine the Child, with his barbarian simplicity appreciating the fine aroma of *The Golden Age*. You cannot. No respectable child would sniff at it. And the popularity of *Alice* is due immensely more to parents than to offspring. We admit that thousands of children have enjoyed *Alice*; but millions have enjoyed *Jessica's First Prayer*. It needs a clever infant to grasp the subtleties of *Alice*; and though all children are profound, few are clever. Without laying claim to any shadow of exact scholarship, we assert that children, in the pullulating mass, want neither cleverness, nor fancy, nor imagination in their literature. What they do want is something solid, stolid, and slabby—something akin to a beefsteak and fried potatoes at a Strand restaurant.

We venture to think that *The Bountiful Lady* will please parents better than children. It is a delightful little novel, and Mr. Cobb has used much cleverness in throwing the glamour of a fairy-tale over his story without departing from the strict factual realism of a Flaubert. But we consider that children only desire the glamour of a fairy-tale in a fairy-tale. We believe that they would have preferred Mr. Cobb to relate how Mary Brown, the street-urchin, was run over and taken into a nice home full of dolls and sweets and footmen, plainly and straightforwardly, without any circumlocutory fancy.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE FLAME OF LIFE. BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

This is a translation, by the talented authoress of *Via Lucis*, of another of the "Romances of the Pomegranate" series by the ineffable D'Annunzio. *Il Fuoco* has flamed of late, for other than literary reasons, through Continental drawing-rooms and in Continental newspapers. This is how one of the characters, "Paris Eglano, the erotic poet, a fair, beardless youth, who had a handsome and voracious red mouth," talks: "In an hour's time Venice will offer some Nero-like lover hidden in some gondola-cabin the Dionysian spectacle of a city that has been set on fire by its own delirium." (Heinemann. 6s.)

IN THE PALACE OF  
THE KING.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Mr. Crawford is the wanderer of fiction. Those who have read all his many admirable novels should have an intimate acquaintance with the polite social life of many countries. In this volume he takes us to Spain, and offers a love story of old Madrid. "Two young girls sat in a high, though very narrow, room of the old Moorish palace to which King Philip the Second had brought his court when he finally made Madrid his capital." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE JOURNAL OF A JEALOUS WOMAN. BY PERCY WHITE.

By the author of *The West End* and *Mr. Bailey Martin*, which is another way of saying that this is a smart and lively tale of modern life, with just sufficient seriousness in the background to lighten the comedy. (Nisbet. 6s.)

## THE EAGLE'S HEART.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Mr. Garland gives us, not for the first time, a closely studied picture of Far West life. The background is always convincing. "It was good to face the West again. The wild heart of the youth flung off all doubt, all regret. . . . The first mirage filled his heart with a rush of memories of wild rides, and the grease-wood recalled a hundred odorous camp-fires. He was getting home." (Heinemann. 6s.)

## LORD LINLITHGOW.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Mr. Roberts has produced a political novel in a political hour. We make the acquaintance of Lord Linlithgow just after he has resigned the Premiership, when the Conservatives are paralysed, and the Radicals a rabble. "And look at Europe!" Mrs. Redway laughed, "I decline to look at Europe." There is some very attractive womankind in the story, which is brisk and pointed. (Arnold. 6s.)

## THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS. BY THEOPHILA NORTH.

"To All 'Knights of the Holy Ghost,' whether their Panoply be Silence or Song," this story is dedicated. It is described by its title, and by its quotation of Shakespeare's Sonnet CXVI.

Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
Oh, no! it is an ever fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

The story will satisfy sticklers for a happy ending. (Richards. 6s.)

## CLARE MONRO.

BY HANNAH LYNCH.

A very short novel by the author of *The Autobiography of a Child*. It is the story of a mother and daughter, and is pathetic and tragic. (Milne. 2s. 6d.)

## THE MONK WINS.

BY E. H. COOPER.

By the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*. The present story opens at Ascot. "The Monk" is a two-year old which, on page 5, wins the New Stakes. The owner of "The Monk" is Margaret, who has £40,000 a year. She is the heroine of this novel of sport and society by a promising writer, who does not trouble his head with problems. (Duckworth. 6s.)

## I'D CROWNS RESIGN.

BY J. MACLAREN COBHAM.

A light-hearted romance. Time: present. Place: Scotland. The daughter of Colonel Herries Hay, and the Crown Prince of Beotia meet and love in the Highlands. The end is unusual. (John Long. 6s.)

## PARSON PETER.

BY ARTHUR H. NORWAY.

By the author of *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*. It opens on a spring afternoon a hundred years ago. "Parson Peter! Time was when his name—ay, and his features too—were familiar to every fisherman from Portland to the Start." (Murray. 6s.)

## LONG LIVE THE KING.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

With pictures. Mr. Boothby's —th (we do not know the exact number, but a new novel by Mr. Boothby also reached us last week) work of fiction finds him in the Zenda vein. On page 6 we read: "To enter upon my story proper, it is only fit that I should commence with a brief description of the life of my poor father. Maximilian the Second, King of Pannonia, as all the world is aware, was a monarch foredoomed to trouble from his cradle"—and so on. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

## KATE CAMERON OF BRUX.

BY J. E. MUDDOCK.

An historical novel by the author of *In the King's Favour*, also an historical novel which, we notice in an advertisement, has been described by the ACADEMY as a "good historical novel." The present work is "a story of wild doings and strange people based upon legends and traditions current in the locality in which the scenes are laid." That locality, need we say, is Scotland: period, fourteenth century. "He touched her under the chin: 'By Saint Agnes, but you are a pretty wench.'" (Digby, Long. 6s.)

## THE SOUL OF THE COUNTESS.

BY JESSIE L. WESTON.

A collection of six graceful stories, on mediæval models. To each story is prefixed a prelude in verse. (Nutt. 3s. 6d.)

## THE ADVENTURES OF A JOURNALIST.

BY H. CADETT.

He was "a tall, odd-looking young man, clean shaven and keen of face," attached to the *Evening Orb*, and his adventures, having arranged themselves nicely into eleven chapters, are here set forth. He dies at the end of the last adventure. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

## A TRAITOR IN LONDON.

BY FERGUS HUME.

All the names from Roberts to Rhodes, from Chamberlain to Kruger, all the war talk that has filled the daily papers for the past year, are to be found again in these pages plus the "element of romance" seen through the eyes of the author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. The twenty-fifth chapter is called "Besieged," the twenty-sixth "In Captivity," and the last "Calm after Storm." (Long. 6s.)

## VERITY.

BY SIDNEY PICKERING.

"A reddening winter sun—the December sun of 1815—was sending long level beams across the fields by the waterside." A long, thorough tale of domestic and country life. (Arnold. 6s.)

WE have also received: *A Tragedy of Three*, by T. T. Dahle. (Hurst & Blackett.)—*Saronia*, by E. Short, a romance of Ancient Ephesus. (Stock. 6s.)—*Mrs. Frederick Graham*, by Alice A. Clowes. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)—*Robert Kane*, by C. H. Malcolm. (Simpkin. 3s. 6d.)—*Jenny of the Villa*, by Mrs. C. H. Radford. (Arnold. 6s.)—*Haggith Shy, Quakeress*, by Mark Ashton. (Hutchinson. 6s.)—*The Malice of Grace Wentworth*, by R. H. Heppenstall. Prologue: Murder; Chapter LXII.: Forgiveness. Peace on Earth. (Long. 6s.)—*As Luck Would Have It*, by William Westall, a good story of social life, with a validity-of-marriage and transfer-of-estates plot, and a well-chosen motto from Defoe. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)—*The Vaulted Chamber*, by Harry A. Spurr, in which a rascal priest of the Russian Church pursues a princess with his attentions. (Digby, Long. 6s.)—*By an Unseen Hand*, by Edwin Hughes, a readable railway romance of "The Ragged Thirteen," a secret society whose reign of terror is described and dissipated in fourteen chapters. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)—*The Heart of Babylon*, a story of Methodist life: "Something fell—a hand on the pulpit ledge, a book on the floor below, an electric touch—and there and then a revival broke out." (Marshall & Co. 6s.)—*A Romance of the Unseen*, by M. E. Winchester. (Digby, Long. 6s.)—*The Scarlet Judges*, by Eliza F. Pollard, a tale of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. (Partridge. 6s.)—*The Black Pilgrim*, by Michael Czajkowski, a Polish writer not yet familiarised to English readers. The translation is done by Mr. S. C. de Soissons, who says: "Wild, unbridled violence of action and feeling, sympathetic but improbable fancy, are the features of this and the author's other romances." (Digby, Long. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Milton in the Market Place.\*

"MILTON, a name to resound for ages." And yet the appearance of a study of Milton amid the multitude of books that are now racing against Christmas is something of a surprise—a goodly surprise. Thus it should be. Thus in the literary market-place should Milton's ghost come wandering by, leaving the air full of great suggestions, and diverting men's gaze from the meteors of November to the planets of all time. Do we sufficiently exalt, and remember, and attend on Milton as our supreme literary man? With Shakespeare we have here nothing to do. Shakespeare is not our master, because it is impossible that we should be his pupils. The mere approach to Shakespeare, in that character, becomes ludicrous as it becomes actual. The declivities are too steep that lead to his transcending and incomprehensible genius. It is lesson enough that this man has taken an intellectual seat to which none can follow him, and that his cloud-belted genius sheds on us light and warmth with the unsolicited graciousness of the sun itself. We are not loth to dwell on this empyrean separation of Shakespeare from all our other writers. In the catalogue they go together, but even this convenience would be abandoned if at all times, and in all casual moods, we could realise the greatness of Shakespeare. Prof. Raleigh is awake to the need of a sleepless homage, and not his least interesting page is the one in which he pays it:

We have to widen our conception of human nature in order to think of him as a man. How hard a thing it is to conceive of Shakespeare as a human spirit, embodied and conditioned, whose affections, though higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stooped, stooped with the like wing, is witnessed by all biographies of Shakespeare, and by many thousands of the volumes of criticism and commentary that have been written on his works. One writer is content to botanise with him—to study plant lore, that is, with a theatrical manager, in his hard-earned leisure, for teacher. Another must read the Bible with him, although, when all is said, Shakespeare's study was but little on the Bible. Others elect to keep him to music, astronomy, law, hunting, hawking, fishing. He is a good companion out of doors, and some would fain keep him there, to make a country gentleman of him. . . . They hardly know what to make of his "undervalued book"; but they know that he was a great man, and to have bought a wood-fell or a quarter of mutton from him, that would have been something! Only the poet-critics attempt to see life, however brokenly, through Shakespeare's eyes, to let their enjoyment keep attendance upon his. And from their grasp, too, he escapes by sheer excess.

Milton does not thus elude or dispart men's intelligence. His achievement, glorious though it is, does not baffle the human mind. We are not kept dumb and distant; we can draw near and pay a personal homage. His genius, indeed, is less mysterious and more explicable than we may be apt to think. Many smaller men are harder to understand. Prof. Raleigh makes a point of this:

It is essential for the understanding of Milton that we should take account of the rare simplicity of his character. No subtleties; no tricks of the dramatic intellect, which

dresses itself in a hundred masquerading costumes and peeps out of a thousand spy-holes; no development, one might almost say, only training, and that self-imposed. There is but one Milton, and he is throughout one and the same, in his life, in his prose, and in his verse; from those early days, when we find him, an uncouth swain,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

to the last days when, amid a swarm of disasters, he approved himself like Samson, and earned for himself the loftiest epitaph in the language, his own:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Not only was Milton's literary life single, but his mind climbed no spiritual heights that abash the common man. He did not so much as set a foot within that "misty mid-region" in which Maeterlinck walks to-day; and with the mystics of a time nearer his own—with Vaughan, for instance—he had no real companionship. The geography of *Paradise Lost* can be taught definitely to children. "There is no metaphysic, nothing spiritual, nothing mysterious, except in name, throughout the whole poem. The so-called spiritual beings are as definitely embodied as man." In a word, Milton stands first of our poets in virtue of his having clothed with their utmost majesty certain conceptions which, though spiritual in kind, have always been, and always must be, "bodied forth" to the multitude in material expressions. He described Heaven, and Hell. But he pictured them not as Dante did, by first imagining them in detail, and then applying ordinary words to that which no longer seemed extraordinary; he pictured them with all those circumstances of remoteness, vastness, and dreadfulness by which they awe and allure the soul. He did not cut down mysteries to the height of language, however exquisite, but boldly sought to make language compass things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Not metaphysical things were these, but things which tradition had rendered almost material, while conferring on them incalculable force and majesty. So that, in effect, it was Milton's task to visualise the highest of definite conceptions in the noblest garment of poetry that could be woven from the English language. This, ultimately, he did, making it his express and holy mission. He acquired a command over English words, and over the harmonies of which they were capable, that no other poet has acquired; and with these he developed a lofty discretion, or intuition, which made him master also of the teeming ideas and images which his theme naturally suggested; until, in the fulness of power, he could express and attune and build. Thus, Milton is the greatest poetic workman whose work we can watch and understand. He is dealing with themes of permanent interest in language, of permanent dignity. Had he been less than Milton the result must have been flat beyond report, or ludicrous beyond pity. But his splendour of diction; his harmonies, ever varying, ever triumphant; and his lofty and sanctified choice of ideas, carried him through a task which transcended—as he himself well knew—ought that had been enterprised by poet or historian in any age. Every writer should steep his mind in Milton's poetry; as Prof. Raleigh says, "there is nothing to put beside him." Open his poems where you will—what perfected speech, running, as it were, on wheels of music—what golden noise!

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep  
Closed over the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
Ay me! I fondly dream  
Had ye been there; for what could that have done?

\* Milton. By Prof. Walter Raleigh. (Arnold. 6s.)

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal Nature did lament,  
When, by the rout, that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

We snatch these lines from the description of Rome in "Paradise Regained":

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;  
Or embassies from regions far remote  
In various habits on the Appian road,  
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;  
From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian, Trapobane,  
Dusk faces with silken turbants wreath'd.

But quoting Milton is not the work of a weekly paper. The point we wish to insist on is this, that it is the business of every young writer to learn from Milton what our language can do, and of every young critic to learn from Milton what our language has done. We have no doubt that even the novelist of to-day, in common with the historian, the essayist, and the poet, has everything to gain from keeping a chamber of his mind sacred to Milton and reverberant with his music. What Prof. Raleigh calls the besetting sin of the Romantics—the employment of irrelevant and excessive detail—would surely be somewhat purged away by even a lip loyalty to the master of English Classicism. Nor would this be the only vice to wither away in contact with Milton's altar flame. The power to prolong, and balance, and undulate a sentence would be acquired by reminiscence, and the young writer would not need the poet's explicit disapproval of the staccato style, so useful as a spurt, so wearying as a pace. On this point Prof. Raleigh has a passage which we cannot pass.

The clink of the rhyming couplet was not more displeasing to Milton's ear than the continued emphatic bark of a series of short sentences. Accustomed as he was to the heavy-armed processional manner of scholarly Renaissance prose, he felt it an indignity to "lie at the mercy of a coy, flurting style; to be girded with frumps and curial gibes, by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three inches long were confiscate." Later on, in the *Apology*, he returns to this grievance, and describes how his adversary "sobs me out half a dozen phthisical mottoes, whenever he had them, hopping short in the measure of convulsion fits; in which labour the agony of his wit having escaped narrowly, instead of well-sized periods, he greets us with a quantity of thumb-ring posies."

The density of Milton's prose and poetic styles should come as a revelation to many of our writers who think that to be musical they must be diffuse. They may learn that it is the hardest stone that takes, and deserves, the best polish, when they see Milton's heavy wains of meaning moving without creak or jolt. Here, also, Prof. Raleigh has wise words for this generation:

Eclecticism and the severe castigation of style are dangerous disciplines for any but a rich temperament; from others they produce only what is exquisite and thin and vapid. The "stylist" of the modern world is generally an interesting invalid; his complexion would lose all its transparency if it were exposed to the weather; his weak voice would never make itself heard in the hubbub of the bazaar. Sunbeams cannot be extracted from cucumbers, nor can the great manner in literature emanate from a chill self-culture.

When Milton resolved to "strictly meditate the thankless Muse" he did not mean, by this, to acquire a style, but to acquire ideas and the style suitable for their expression.

## Things Seen.

### France and Those.

OUTSIDE the House of the South African Republic at the Paris Exhibition a crowd, gesticulating and chattering, was gathered, and the steps were hidden by the eager movement, inwards and outwards, of Boer sympathisers. I entered. Half the house was neglected; in the other half an excited crowd surrounded an ill-done marble bust of Ex-President Kruger, embowered in laurel leaves. You could only see the ex-President's face; the rest was all greenery and faded flowers. He looked like an elephant in a jungle where a national picnic has been held; for paper—bits and scraps—was everywhere, pinned on to the laurel leaves, gummed to the walls, stuck like bulbs into the flower-pots, and scattered on the floor, untidy as autumn leaves. And on every piece of paper was scribbled ribald or insulting remarks against Us, Our Queen, Our Generals, Our Colonial Secretary, etcetera, etcetera. More, the whitewashed, wooden pillars that supported the South African Republic were scribbled, high as the hand could reach, with messages to Us. Some were in verse, some in elegant prose, some in prose unacademic, some in the cryptic slang of the Boulevards. All were hostile to Us. Some provoked pity, some laughter; some aroused the feeling with which one confronts the vagaries of a vulgar child; some flushed the face of the Anglo-Saxon and made him grip his stick. That condition had become mine when I was dug between the third and fourth ribs with the end of a pen-holder. I turned; my eyes travelled along the instrument of peace till they reached an outstretched arm, and, roaming up a magenta blouse, rested at last upon a homely, cajoling face. It belonged to a young woman, one of three seated behind a red-baize-covered table, on which were spread three tomes, the size of family Bibles, in process of being filled with signatures. "*Témoignage de sympathie pour les Boers*," said the young woman, again offering me the pen-holder. Well, I retired; I executed a strategic retreat. On the steps an incident happened that restored me. He was an old Frenchman, distinguished and courteous, and he had seen the whole incident. He advanced towards me; he raised his hat. He did not speak, but his manner had so exquisite a touch of apology and sympathy that the indignity of the past minutes faded into nothing. "That is not France," I said, waving towards the ribald and insulting scribbles. "That is not France," he cried. "Ah! we of the older generation have memories. We are not swayed by every wind that blows. We do not seek our opinions on the Boulevards. We do not have a fresh hysteria with every moon, and bare our souls at the bidding of the loudest screamer. I"—he breathed heavily—"I have seen the German flag floating over St. Dennis; I—I have seen the German troops camped in the Champs Elysées. I speak for France, not for—those."

### The Way.

THE midday train rattled on its dusty way, from Portsmouth to London, through the pleasant county of Sussex. A bright May sun poured in at the windows. I and a girl with a large basket, who sat in the opposite corner, were the only occupants of the carriage.

At Horsham the door opened to admit a little woman laden with pillows and parcels, which were hastily thrown down while she helped in another woman,—bigger than herself, with a fat unhealthy face, and a red flower in her bonnet,—who, with a good deal of grumbling ceremony, settled herself, full length on the seat in front of me. The girl quickly shrank into her corner, to give the newcomer more room for her feet; and put her basket down on the floor, apparently heedless of the strictures passed upon it.



"Baskets like that are too big to have in the carriage, taking up people's places—ought to go in the luggage van. How this train do shake! Put the cushion at my back, Bessie—lower down, can't you? No—I don't want nothing over my feet. Leave me alone—do."

The girl turned back from the window; looked at the flushed, irritable face of the invalid, and the almost tearful anxiety of her friend. Then—hesitating—she stooped over her basket, and uncovered a disorder of spring flowers. With a scarcely perceptible movement of her foot, she pushed them towards the newcomers. There they lay in the dusty sunshine—the whole carriage was filled with their glow and fragrance.

I glanced at the stout woman; her eyes were fixed on the flowers, the complaints ceased, and her face was almost peaceful.

"Those primroses are pretty, arn't they, Bessie?—and the bluebells,—remind me of the little wood at the back of the farm, when we were children. It was blue with them in May, wasn't it?—and we used to go out to pick them Sundays. . . . No, thank you, dear, don't trouble about me,—the pillow's quite comfortable."

There was a long silence. The flowers began to droop a little in the hot sun, but the girl did not cover them over.

When we reached Victoria, the little woman turned, to gather up the shawls and cushions, after her companion had left the carriage. "Thank you, my dear," she said to the girl,—*"my sister is going up to the hospital, for a dreadful bad operation, and you have helped her on the way."*

## My Book.

### The Story of an Author's Vanity.

It was my first book, my only book, my ewe lamb; but it was not a "work," not an "important publication," like Mr. Lecky's *Map of Life*. The reviewers did not welcome it either eagerly or seriously. Nobody gave it three columns, or even one column and a turn. It was merely included in that section which begins: *"We have also received the following"*—and here and there complimentary remarks were made on the cover, the end papers, and the title-page, which were all extremely pretty. But the inside was mine, and when my publisher informed me that the volume had been sent to the Book Section of the Paris Exhibition, as an example of his "choicest publications," I determined that, come what might, I would visit Paris and see it. Just think! Somewhere in that mighty place, where sixty millions of souls were expected; somewhere, under a glass case, gazed at by a maximum of one hundred and twenty millions of eyes, was my book, my ewe lamb. It was thrilling.

I could only spare one day—going and returning by the night boat. I began foolishly, without studying map, or plan, or guide. Anglo-Saxon arrogance prompted me to cast myself at the doors, and find my way, by instinct and by questions, to the Book Section. It was raining as I entered the great gate at the Place de la Concorde, and, throwing an approving eye on the horticultural exhibits, sought shelter in the Palace of Fine Arts. I would see the pictures. Was not the whole day before me, in which to find my book? Two hours later I emerged from the pictures haunted by a French work, the size of the wall of a house, too horrible for description, where famished men and women were tearing at, and feeding upon, the dying bodies of other famished men and women. I looked around. The day was still young: to my right bubbled the Seine, palaces upon her banks: before me, white and wide, stretched the noble Pont Alexandre III., and beyond, bright even under a leaden sky, the stucco, pretentious palaces of Various Industries stretched like a bodyguard of stage soldiers towards the sombre dome that

covers Napoleon's tomb. Across the Seine, around and beyond the Eiffel Tower, like a city seen from a train, clustered a heterogeneous mass of domes, spires, and minarets. And somewhere in this splendid confusion, in some cloistral corner, protected by a glass case, gazed at by a percentage of one hundred and twenty million eyes, was my book. I did not hurry towards it. Such a rare enterprise must be approached calmly. The fine perceptions of the infrequent author forbade me to show even to myself the eager vanity that I felt. So I crossed the river, and turned into the Street of Nations, where I roamed through the houses of Spain, Germany, and Austria, but not Great Britain, for on the door was posted this notice: "Closed in wet weather." Dear England!

Then I lunched, and later asked the way to the Book Section. It was near the Swiss Village, I was told, hard by the Chateau d'Eau. The Naval and Military Exhibits beguiled me for fifteen minutes; but, although I turned my face resolutely from Commercial Navigation, and Forests Hunting and Fishing, the Optical Palace beat me. I stayed there half-an-hour, and I also succumbed to Guatemala. In Civil Engineering I again asked my way, and, alas! was wrongly directed, for at four o'clock I found myself in the midst of Agriculture and Foods. Still three full hours remained, and, if I denied myself dinner, I could count upon four in which to find the Book Section. Again I asked my way, and was told to retrace my steps. At Andalusia in the Time of the Moors I met a countryman who informed me, in the tone of a man who tells you that it is fine for the time of the year, that he had passed through the Book Section an hour before. "Books are not much in my line," he said, adding wearily, "I guess I've seen all I want to see." He was now going out by the École Militaire gate, and as the Book Section was on the way (I am quoting him) he would very willingly show it to me. I accepted his offer gladly, but by some mischance I missed him in Mines and Metals, and never saw him again. It was now half-past five, and I began to grow a little anxious. I felt like a parent who, having promised to visit his little son at school, cannot find the town where it is situated. Somehow I had never lost faith that the Book Section was adjacent to the Swiss Village. I made that my aim. An assistant in the department where they were manufacturing Savon de Congo, to whom I applied, knew the village well: he had taken his grandfather there to see the imitation glaciers. I must cross the Champ de Mars, and go right through Means of Transport till I came to Corea; then straight on, leaving Chemical Industries on my left, till I came to Sweden. The Swiss Village was just beyond Sweden. He had not himself seen the Book Section, but no doubt the information I had already gathered on that point was correct. It was not likely, he said, with a sympathetic smile, that the Paris Exhibition would be without a Book Section. An assistant from the Electricity for Cooking Purposes stall, who had stood by during the discussion, concurred.

It is a salutary exercise to look back upon a critical period, and try to fix the moment when success or failure trembled in the balance. When I recall that day whereon I failed to find my little book, a failure which robbed me of what would certainly have been one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, I reflect, I assert, that the success or failure of the enterprise quivered in the balance at the moment that I left the Savon de Congo stall. Still I do not wholly blame myself. It was by sheer ill-luck that ten minutes later I lost my way in the department devoted to Drain Pipes. Even then the day might have been won had I been firm enough to cut across the Champ de Mars, and make for Corea, as the Savon de Congo assistant had suggested. But I was beguiled—you must remember I was very tired—by one of those delightful moving staircases. You step on to a piece of cocoanut matting, and are carried easily and gracefully—somewhere—you do not know whither, but you are very conscious that it is without

effort on your part. I was carried into a high gallery and gently landed into a section devoted to the Limbs of Man in wax, on which were indicated, with unflinching realism, the various wounds that peace and war inflict upon the body. Accompanying each wound was a model in wax of the surgeon's hands showing the method of first aid to the injured. That section was my Tugela. I stayed there half an hour, and for another quarter of an hour my wanton eyes feasted themselves on a series of exquisite bathrooms. From this contemplation I was aroused to the sense of my folly by the sound of shouting. Hastening downstairs, every fibre of my being strained at last to the accomplishment of the enterprise which had called me to the Exhibition, I made my way by Shetland Wool, through an audience who were watching a troop of Spanish dancers, and so out into the Champ de Mars. What was this? The whole enormous place was filled with a dense crowd of shouting, excited people. Bands were playing, flags were waving, and down the centre marched a great procession of triumphal cars on which nymphs shivered. Following came arbours of vine leaves, and capering figures of rotound men, with jolly red faces, accompanied by fair Bacchantes from the second row of the ballet. It was the *fete* of the Vine Industry. In a glance I saw all that it meant to me. Till the procession had passed and returned it was impossible to cross the Champ de Mars, and across the Champ de Mars was the Swiss Village and—and the Book Section. I tried. I pushed here, I wheedled there, I doubled in my tracks, only to be stopped by a cordon of police. The procession gathered volume, more bands played, the crowd increased, surrounded me. I could not move backwards or forwards. I could have cried. Not till seven o'clock was the way clear. That left me a bare two hours to return to my hotel, pack, have dinner, and catch the nine o'clock train. I determined to forego my dinner and make one more attempt. I crossed the Champ de Mars, ran like a hare through Agriculture and Foods, and saw, and saw, in the distance something that must have been intended to represent a mountain, and nearer at hand, a little to the right, tall glass cases that looked as if they contained books. They were being covered with brown holland wrappers. I ran towards them. An official raised his hand. "Monsieur is too late," he said.

I caught the train at the Gare du Nord with five minutes to spare. A talkative countryman sat opposite. He tried me on several topics, but failed in all. As we were leaving Amiens he spoke again: "I suppose the Exhibition is very fine? I haven't seen it myself. I only passed through Paris." Then, observing that I carried a copy of the *Review of Reviews*, and no doubt thereby inferring that I was a bookish person, he said: "I'm told there's a very fine collection of books there."

## Correspondence.

### Criticism in Verse.

SIR,—I was rather surprised to find that in your most interesting article, "Criticism in Verse," in this week's ACADEMY, all mention of Mrs. Browning's poetic judgments was omitted. Surely no better reviewing was ever done either in prose or verse than is contained in the four lines from "Cowper's Grave":

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And I think, too, that Elizabeth Barrett's "Pomegranate" reference to her future husband, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was "warm and veracious" criticism.

What an interesting article might be written on the "Great Epitaphs"! Some of them might, perhaps, be considered too laudatory to pass as penetrating literary criticism, but many—such as Cowper's on Dr. Johnson—were undeniably voicing the verdict of posterity.—I am, &c. H. G. H.

October 22, 1900.

### The "Young Men" and Thackeray.

SIR,—In your issue of October 20 "The Bookworm" writes: "What do the young men think of Thackeray?" and, conscious of the inevitable immaturity of their reflections or criticism, blandly adds: "To be sure, it does not matter, but one's curiosity is mildly stimulated," &c.

Now, sir, I contend that this statement evinces an amazing disregard for the true interests of literature and has the smack of an *après moi le deluge*. Whence are the readers of Thackeray to foregather in the future if they are not numbered among the "young men" of the present day? "The Bookworm," very mindful of the limitations of youth, forgetful apparently of its striving, has, I think, confessed here, *not* to a serious regard for the fate and future of our nineteenth century literature, but to a "mild curiosity" concerning it that is provocative of just resentment. For the matter, surely, does not end with Thackeray. I take it that if a "young man" can so much as read Thackeray with delight, he is more than half-way on the road to all that is best in modern English literature. Strange as the hypothesis must appear to "The Bookworm," there yet may be two or three gathered together in the name and reality of literature; there may, indeed, be *many* "young men" who are not sworn to Henty, Hope, and Haggard.

Perhaps it is very wrongful on my part to thrust Mr. Anthony Hope between the upper and nether millstones of juvenile adventure and sensational improbabilities, for even to our dull eyes his pages are luminous with a deft polish; but the very fact that he bears in the minds of some of us an affinity to *les autres* more than alliterative is significant of what we think of Thackeray. What do we think of Thackeray? To be sure, it does not matter, except, haply, to ourselves, yet it may satisfy the mild curiosity of "The Bookworm" to know that with wholehearted admiration we think of him as the writer of the finest historical novel in the language, *Henry Esmond*; as the inimitable showman of *Vanity Fair*; as the artist who has the portrait of Colonel Newcome to his credit; and, finally, we revere him as introducing to us men and women who we feel will prove our lifelong friends.—I am, &c.,

Cecil F. Silver.

Abbot's Walk, The Forbury, Reading.

### Browniana.

SIR,—To one who sat under and revered "Toby" Brown in old Clifton days it seems strange to have arrived at the time when papers and magazines are full of his name and fame—fame which one always knew must surely come to him sooner or later. He was a great man. He was an inimitable man. He was a glory of Clifton, and no other public school is likely to boast a similar character. He had a wonderful vocabulary for verbally flaying delinquent pupils, and I would I could recollect all the marvellous epithets he hurled at their heads. We feared but revelled in him; and how he would make the form laugh by breaking into a bit of character-acting or by finding some apt comparison for an offending victim!

There used to be at one time a small knot of boys who invariably "passed" the question. "Ah!" said Brown one day, "here we come to the yellow bullocks among



the mangold wurzels. There they sit all the day long and chew and chew, and ye can't get anything out of them!"

A few of his remarks I have preserved, but one requires to have known the speaker to fully appreciate them:

"It is like talking to an old rag doll; one can almost see the sawdust oozing out."

Of certain boys whispering: "The murmur of ancient dames."

"It is a perfect bog down here. Immediately you get off it you feel yourself in contact with an intellect instead of with a slimy patch of bog. I feel the boozy, nasty, piggy slime."

"We must consider L—, C—, and A— to be the Gadarene demoniaes; directly you tackle them a demon comes out."

"A lot of stupid old women, and F— is the supreme old granny of the lot; he goes off into an ecstasy of idiocy. And I don't like old women, they seem to be such stuffy old things."

"We must consider him a large vegetable marrow, and leave him to trail on walls with the snails and slugs."

The school had re-assembled after the holidays, and the first day during form-hour strange noises were audible outside. Of course we (and he) all knew that they came from the neighbouring Zoo, but Brown must needs send one of the Sixth to discover the source. Naturally he re-appeared saying he could find nothing. "Very well," said Brown, "I was only afraid it was some unfortunate boy shut up all the holidays in the hot-water pipes!"

With such a master in the chair, with his fund of ready humour and extraordinary wealth of language, our school hours were anything but dull, and those who sat under him are never likely to forget him.—I am, &c.,

The Croft, Seal, Sevenoaks.

E. J. ENTHOVEN.

#### Lowell as an Actor.

SIR,—Mr. Stillman's letter in your issue of October 13 reminds me that in my copy of the first edition of *The Biglow Papers* (Cambridge, 1848) a former owner of the book has inserted a MS. playbill of a theatrical performance which came off during Lowell's residence in Italy in 1851-2. Very little seems to have been recorded concerning this visit. If I remember rightly, only one epistle in verse, addressed from Rome, will be found in his "Letters"; and Mr. Edward Everett Hale, in his interesting book on *Lowell and His Friends*, does not even mention it. It was a happy period of Lowell's life, passed, chiefly in the society of his friend Story, before the great shadow had fallen on him. The right upper corner of the playbill is, unfortunately, torn, and the name of the palazzo is indistinct, but I think I have deciphered it correctly.—I am, &c.,

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

#### THEATRICALS—PALAZZO CINO.

February 20, 1852.

#### A Selection from

#### THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

in five acts,

with overture and incidental music by Mendelssohn.

THESEUS .....	Mr. Hemans.
PHILOSTRATE .....	" Hayllar.
BOTTOM .....	" J. R. Lowell.
QUINCE .....	" Black.
FLUTE .....	" Crawford.
SNOUT .....	" S. Wood.
SNUG .....	" Story.
HIPPOLYTA .....	Mrs. Crawford.
OBERON .....	Miss Loring.
TITANIA .....	Mrs. Story.
PUCK .....	Miss Wodehouse.

Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed.

In Act 2nd chorus, "Ye Spotted Snakes," composed by Francis Boott, Esq.

The wood scene in Act 2nd by Douglas Harvey, Esq.

#### Hendiadys.

SIR,—I note on page 299 of the *ACADEMY* for October 13 reference to the passage in Mr. Knight's novel, *A Son of Austerity*: "At the border of the clayfield was a hearse and a single carriage." Surely as one of the objects is to be regarded as "single," or distinct from the other, and as, moreover, in the following sentence, the vehicles are referred to as "two carriages," the sentence cannot be put in the same category as the excellent example of hendiadys quoted from Mr. Kipling's *The Recessional*.

I observe that a writer in the *Daily Express*, possibly following in the wake of Mr. Knight, treats us to the following sentence: "There is on order countless grande vitesse luggage vans, brake vans, goods wagons of every kind, and 'armour-clad' gunpowder vehicles." May we rightfully regard this also as an instance of hendiadys?

In the same issue another hendiadys appears somewhat less apparent in the statement: "This irregularity of hours leaves but little time for study, on which depends our future prospects of success."—I am, &c.,

NEVILLE JONES.

#### Craps.

SIR,—In a recent *ACADEMY* there was a quotation from "Mr. Dooley" on the negro question, in which the word "craps" played a very important part. My husband and I have done our best to find out its meaning, but without success. Will you kindly enlighten us, and, perhaps, some other of your readers?—I am, &c.,

(MRS.) C. BOULNOIS.

#### Apple Blossom in Brittany.

SIR,—The above is the title of one of the most charming stories from the mind of the late Ernest Dowson. It appeared in the third volume of *The Yellow Book*, a series that may be sought after as much in the future as *The Germ* is in the present time. Oddly enough, three strange young men have already passed away who were among its contributors—Ernest Dowson, Hubert Crackanthorpe, and Aubrey Beardsley. Anyone turning to page 93 of the "third" *Yellow* for the first or second time will find this "Apple Blossom in Brittany" full of a quiet and growing charm, and in laying down the volume will likely be reminded more of Walter Pater than anyone. It was written in 1894, in his twenty-seventh year.—I am, &c.,

T. EDWARDS-JONES.

#### The Author of "The Coming Democracy."

SIR,—Might I draw your attention to the omission of the name of Mr. George Harwood from your list of newly-elected Members of Parliament who have some connexion with literature? The name of Mr. George Harwood is already favourably known to a select circle of readers as the author of *Disestablishment: or, a Defence of the Principle of a National Church, From Within*, and *The Coming Democracy*, all published by Macmillans.

The late Lord Randolph Churchill often referred to the help which he got from reading Harwood's *Coming Democracy*.—I am, &c.,

LEVI NUTTER.

#### "Only a Little One."

SIR,—You say: "Mr. Cobb is in danger of admittance to the 'prolific set.' He published a book a fortnight ago."

While pleading guilty, I should like to urge in extenuation that *The Bountiful Lady* was "only a little one" for little people . . . a *Dumpy Book*, in fact. My last novel, *Scruples*, was published as long ago as March.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS COBB.

## Vowel Sounds.

SIR,—Mr. A. H. Keane is singularly indulgent to the phonetic failings of his countrymen, whose cruelty to vowel sounds often excites the compassion of pundits of other races. Can Mr. Keane have forgotten the English pronunciation of *Allahabad*—four flat English *a*'s in place of *Ilāhābād*?

Again, is the French "a-t-il" the true analogy to the English abuse of *r*? Is not the best French counterpart the euphonic *s*? How about the "J'ai z' un coquin de frère" of the old song? That exactly fills the hiatus similarly supplied by our colloquial *r*—an usage for which there is more to be said than Mr. MacRitchie's purism would willingly allow. He cannot have forgotten that the golden youth of the Directoire adopted "ce z si commode, si liant, si séduisant, qui faisait tout le charme du langage de l'ancien Arlequin."—I am, &c.,

I. C. S.

## Dr. Pusey's Life.

SIR,—In the review of Dr. Pusey's Life in this week's ACADEMY the author of the book is spoken of as "he." I believe it to be quite an open secret that Miss Trench, daughter of the late Archbishop Trench, is really the authoress.—I am, &c.,

G. WEEKLEY.

## Our Weekly Competition.

## Result of No. 57 (New Series).

LAST week we quoted the following poem from the *Westminster Gazette*:

## A WOMAN TO A MAN.

When you grieve, and let it show,  
And may tell me nothing more,  
You have told me, o'er and o'er,  
All a woman needs to know.  
When I show you that I care  
(Meet your eyes and touch your hand),  
I have made you understand  
All a woman may, or dare.  
So, the ears of Friendship heard!  
So, 'twas seen of Friendship's eyes!  
You are sad, I sympathise,  
All without a single word.

We offered a prize of One Guinea for the best poetical answer to the above. The competition has elicited much careful effort. On the whole, the prize is due, and is awarded, to Miss Mary Innes, 1a, Promenade-terrace, Cheltenham, for the following:

## A MAN TO A WOMAN.

You can thrive on touch or sign,  
You can lightly feed on air;  
But you cannot know nor care  
How your heart has troubled mine.  
When you lay your shrinking hand  
So discreetly in my own,  
Men, you think, are hewn in stone,  
And should mutely understand.  
Silent speech of meeting eyes  
Moves me deeper than you know;  
Where the fire of love's aglow  
Your pale dream of friendship dies.

Other poems are:

True—Convention has decreed  
(Nay—'tis writ in Woman's heart)  
She must play a passive part  
Till her swain begins to plead—  
Must be wooed before she's won;  
Now that I have spoken sweet,  
You may cease to be discreet,  
For, Dan Cupid's task is done.  
Now, Love's silent lore, I wis,  
All the language of your eyes  
May be spoken lover-wise,  
And translated in a kiss?

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

When you deem I grieve, and so  
Make advances void of shame,  
Can I really be to blame  
If I wish you'd kindly go.  
When you show me that you care,  
Roll your eyes, and press my hand,  
You have made me understand  
Sympathy is but a snare.  
Spite your sentiment absurd  
Still one privilege I prize  
Though you e'en must sympathise  
'Tis without a single word.

[F. W. S., London.]

When I grieve and let it show,  
And I tell you nothing more;  
In your heart's confessing core,  
Know you all you wish to know?  
When I prove I trust your care,  
Seek your eyes and press your hand,  
Do you ever understand  
All a man would ask, nor dare?  
So, have ears, Love, silent, heard?  
So, Love seen, with inward eyes?  
Can you feel and recognise  
All, nor say a single word?

[E. E., Hornsey.]

Though I may not tell my woe,  
Though you may not speak a word,  
Still it seems that I have heard  
All a man has need to know.  
When the melting in your eyes  
Shows your kindly woman heart,  
Sorrow then must needs depart,  
All because you sympathise.  
Seems the burden less to bear,  
Seems the sky a fairer blue,  
This dull world a brighter hue,  
All because I know you care.

[E. W. H., Manchester.]

When the world is wondrous bright,  
And the sweet birds sing their songs,  
I know now to whom belongs  
The praises for the precious light.  
And when sudden shadows fall,  
And the night, with hideous face,  
Grimly grins on my disgrace,  
I know now who comforts all.  
You it is who sing the songs,  
You it is who charm the night,  
You turn darkness into light,  
And to you the praise belongs.

[L. F., Manchester.]

More a man may dare or say  
Than a woman, well I wot;  
This is her assigned lot,  
He must challenge—yea or nay?  
True, the grief I scorn to show  
To my fellows in the street,  
Is revealed, when thee I meet,  
By a wistful glance of woe.  
Friendship? Ay, and far above;  
Silence were a coward's part  
To this man who reads thy heart—  
Tell me, dearest, is this Love?

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

## Competition No. 58 (New Series).

In consequence of the multitude of new novels, we shall issue next week a special Fiction Supplement. In this connexion we ask our readers to compile a list of the twelve best novels published this year up to October 27. To the competitor whose list most nearly agrees with the general opinion, as ascertained by an examination of all the lists, we will send a cheque for One Guinea.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C." must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 31. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.



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